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PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

THE illustrations on this page and on page 292 are thus described in the following notes by our "Special," A. R. W.:

"WILD-CATS AT NASHVILLE.

"At a restaurant known as STEDMAN'S there was, among other animals, a magnificent pair of wild-cats, just caught in the neighborhood of Nashville, and awfully savage, the male showing his temper, if teased, by immediately attacking the female, who would then, standing up on her hind feet, deliver battle with heavy blows from her taloned paws.

LEVEE AT CINCINNATI.

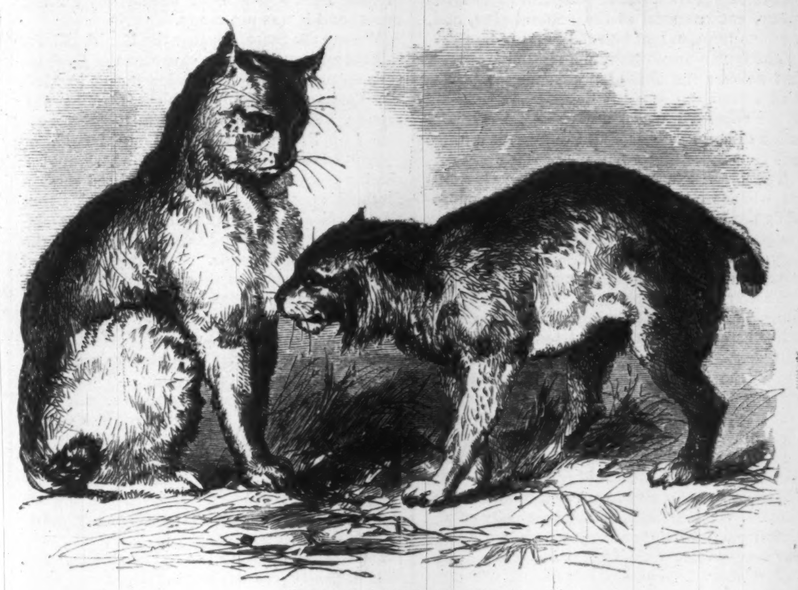
"When I reached the 'Queen City' it was in a great ferment. PIKE'S Opera-house and other buildings had burned down the night before, and the magnificent city engines were playing upon the ruins.

"The good people of Cincinnati look upon their city as 'some pumpkins' in a business point of view, and point to their levee as an illustration. I should imagine that the levee does nearly as much business as six New York piers. At about 'starting time' there is a great confusion of bells, whistles, and Calliopes.

"THE CALLIOPE.

"Attracted by one of the latter, I went aboard to see how the thing was done. The reader will see how from the sketch I have made. Certainly it was the best iron-clad music I had heard; and, strange to say, the whistles were in tolerable tune.

"At 12 the next noon I went aboard the *General Anderson*, a Louisville boat, and bade adieu to the Queen City, which presented more of a picture than when I entered it. The tall tower of the Catholic church loomed up against the smoky atmosphere and indistinct outline of hills beyond the city, while springing out over the river the new suspension-bridge to Covington hung pendent from its massive towers. Swiftly slipping down the river, swollen and muddy, past the weather-beaten shanties, gas-houses, and shapeless coal-barges, and then on past the plateau on which Cincinnati stands, the bluffs rapidly close in upon the river, on the right hand presenting slopes devoted to the culture of orchards and the vine. This bank for some distance presents the appearance of suburbs, with buildings picturesque but, as usual, unpainted, and with roads leading up over the tree-crowned heights.



WILD-CATS IN NASHVILLE.

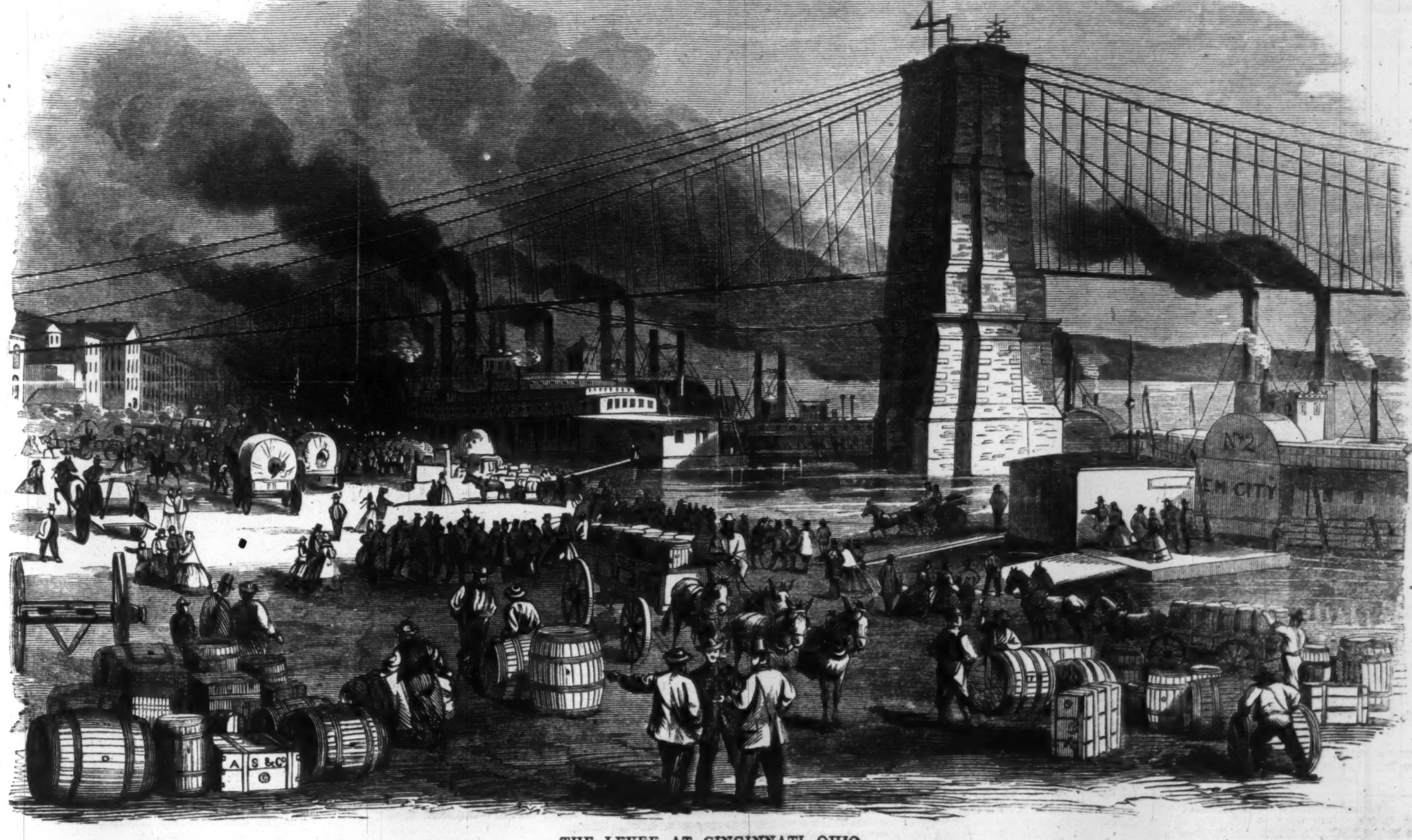
"Having heard much about the superior beauty of Western ladies, I had gone about Cincinnati with an artist's eye for the study of that interesting subject. I recollect how some Western people jeered at a picture in *Harper's Weekly* entitled "Types of Female Beauty." It was an amusing commentary on their remarks to find that a certain vendor of a quack nostrum advertised as a beautifier of the fair sex had transferred one of the heads from that engraving to his show-bill, as a specimen of the glorious results to be attained from the use of his manufacture.

"RELIGIOUS SERVICE ON THE 'RUTH.'

"The *Ruth*, one of the finest river boats, went down the Mississippi from Cairo with your artist, a full complement of passengers, and, it was said, 2600 tons of freight. As among this transient population there were twelve ministers on their way to the General Conference of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church in New Orleans we had service on the Sabbath in the gorgeous cabin of the steamer. The President was prayed for, but Congress was ignored. The amens to the name of JOHNSON were many and emphatic. The congregation was attentive, among the most devout being some gamblers. At the close of the service a subscription was proposed for the benefit of the Methodist Church in Fredericksburg, Virginia, destroyed by the war. To this I noticed that two Jews contributed, anxious, I suppose, to stand well with their Southern brethren of the Gentile persuasion. As for the ministers they exhibited feelings of bitterness toward the North quite unworthy of their profession. One of them, shortly after the service, I heard relating an interview with the HARPERS in New York, in which he had openly avowed to one of that firm his regret that they should be obliged to purchase their publications. Mr. HARPER, he said, asked him if he was not one of those who objected to the education of the negro. His answer was that, on the contrary, they of the South wished to instruct that race to save them from being robbed by the North, as the white people of the South had been. This was received as happily by the others as though a fine point had been made.

"I could not but be aware of the curious social atmosphere which pervaded this company of travelers, composed of Southern and Northern people with a sprinkling of Jews and foreigners. Outward politeness was every where visible, but there was not one atom of cordiality between the different sections. The Southern people mixed with the others, but they showed more of curiosity and nervous desire to hear their sentiments than of friendly feeling toward their countrymen. They are very inconsistent. Professing the greatest desire to let by-gones be by-gones, they will yet tell you in the next breath, and without any apparent idea of the contradiction, that the hatred which the North has earned of the South can not be wiped away, and that the two sections are wider apart than ever.

"As the boat left Cairo the colored crew took



THE LEVEE AT CINCINNATI, OHIO.

their places on a pile of corn sacks at the bow, and, waving a flag, sang, as is usual with them on leaving port. They were a fine body of stalwart Kentuckians and Virginians, and had been hard at work the day and night previous getting in the cargo. The tune was monotonous, and the doggerel rhymless, and devoted to suggestions to the Captain to come down with a treat of "brandy-wine." A jug of whisky fixed them, however, and they were soon spread about on the piles of cargo."

In addition to the illustrations of the South already alluded to, we give on page 296 a view of Shockhoe Creek Valley, Richmond, Virginia, of which a description is given on page 292; also on page 297 a graphic sketch by Mr. FORBES of a cotton team in North Carolina. Not the least interesting of our Southern pictures is that on page 300, of the Negro Celebration in Washington, of which a description is there given.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1866.

THE CONGRESSIONAL PLAN OF REORGANIZATION.

THE propositions of the Reconstruction Committee will strike every thoughtful citizen as perfectly reasonable. They seem to us to justify the hope of the most truly intelligent and patriotic persons that Congress would propose no policy upon which the whole Union party of the country, including the President, might not agree. Some concessions of opinion were inevitable upon all sides. Those who held with Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS that there should be general confiscation, or with Mr. SUMNER that impartial suffrage should be immediately established throughout the country, or with the President that no farther conditions whatever were necessary, must have seen that the opinion of the country did not support them, and that all must meet upon some firm and moderate middle ground such as the Committee now offer.

The objection to what is called the President's policy is plain and conclusive. It is that, by allowing the late rebel States to resume their full relations in the Union immediately, and without further provision, those States would have actually gained political power by the rebellion. This gain arises from the fact that every colored man, as a slave, counted as three-fifths of a man in the basis of representation; but as a freeman he counts as five-fifths. In a State like South Carolina, therefore, where the colored population is half or even more than half of the whole, and where that half is disfranchised, every voter has practically twice the power of a voter in a State like Connecticut. This is an absurdity and injustice so conspicuous as to demand instant adjustment.

On the other hand, the objection to the imposition of equal suffrage by the National Government as a precedent condition of resumption of full rights in the Union is practical and twofold. In the first place, it is hardly to be presumed that the States which prohibit equal suffrage, or deny it to a colored skin altogether, would insist upon its adoption by the suspended States; and, in the second place, such a proposition would have been very widely regarded as a radical blow at the most sacred of State rights, and a consummation of centralization. Moreover, there are many of the most faithful and liberty-loving Union men, who are the steady advocates of equal suffrage, and who, under the circumstances, do not doubt the entire competency of Congress to require this or any other condition which might seem to it necessary, but who doubt the wisdom of this method, and question the expediency of such a requirement, and who could not therefore heartily sustain it.

But we see no good reason for supposing that all reasonable and patriotic men should not sincerely unite upon the propositions presented. They have reference exclusively to national relations. They do not interfere in the State economy, except in defense of national rights. They declare simply, in the first place, that no State shall abridge the privileges of citizens of the United States. Such a proposition is its own irresistible argument. A citizen of this country should be equally a citizen every where in it; this is plain, and therefore all his civil rights as a citizen of the United States should be sacred wherever the national flag floats. Can the President, with all his warm convictions of the sanctity of States, object to so obviously just a provision?

In the second place, whenever the elective franchise shall be denied to any portion of the male citizens of a State who are of age, except for crime or participation in the rebellion, the basis of representation shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age. In other words, if South Carolina shall choose to disfranchise 100,000 of her citizens because of their color, or New York shall choose to do the same thing because of want of property, then each of those States shall suffer in the national representation just in that proportion. Such a provision stimulates every State to enlarge the suffrage, and to extend education in order to make the suffrage safe. It is strictly harmonious with the President's expressed wish to base representation upon the number of voters.

In the third place, the Committee recommend that until the 4th of July, 1870, four years hence, all persons who voluntarily adhered to the rebellion shall be excluded from voting at national elections. This article we presume is introduced to embody the President's desire that "treason shall be made odious," and that in the great work of reorganization the late rebel leaders shall "take back seats." In his frequent and vehement expression of that desire the President unquestionably spoke for the loyal country, and his sentiments are still further incorporated in the proposed bill to render certain of those leaders ineligible to office under the government of the United States. This third proposition is the one which seems to us likely to occasion most difference of opinion. That it is in strict accordance with President JOHNSON's frequent suggestions is true, but it is a point of doubtful policy, not essential to the general plan, and, it seems to us, might be safely omitted.

The fourth proposition is a matter of course, that neither the United States nor any State shall assume to pay any debt incurred in aid of the rebellion, or for any claim for compensation of loss of slaves, and Congress is authorized to enforce the provisions of this article.

These are the propositions of the Committee, which we trust will be unanimously adopted by the Union vote in Congress, because they are perfectly just and moderate, and because they do not claim to reap more than has been sown. They simply define and secure the legitimate result of the war as recognized by the general conviction of the loyal country, and as it has been often strongly stated by President JOHNSON. They contain nothing vindictive, and if the Government of the United States has any right whatever to do any thing whatever to prevent the late rebel States from gaining political power by their rebellion, it may challenge the whole world and its late domestic enemies to show any thing unprecedented, unjust, or ungenerous in the settlement it proposes. We believe that the vast body of the Union party of the country which carried the war successfully to the end, and which triumphantly elected LINCOLN and JOHNSON, will most cordially sustain this policy of reorganization and gladly appeal to the country to ratify it. And however anxious the President may be to see loyal men from the late disturbed States admitted to Congress, we shall be very slow to believe that he will refuse his sincere co-operation to a plan which does not conflict with any of his known opinions, and which secures the admission of loyal members to Congress with the heart-felt welcome and congratulation of the whole loyal country.

That the proposed settlement of the Committee should be greeted with sneers and anger by those who have persistently declared that Congress is a bloody, factious, revolutionary body is natural. These objectors have counted upon overthrowing the President and destroying the Union party by fomenting every real or asserted difference between them. But here is the utter refutation of their calumnies. Here is the plain proof that Congress seeks only the speediest reorganization of the Union upon the most temperate and reasonable conditions. For we assume that there will be little delay in ratifying the report; and then, so great and unprecedented is the occasion, we trust that the Legislatures of the States will be immediately summoned in special session to act upon the proposed amendment, that Congress and the country and the world may know the will of the loyal people of the United States upon this most vital point of national policy.

THE CHOLERA AND THE QUARANTINE.

FOR more than a year the arrival of the cholera at the port of New York has been expected. The memory of its former horrors was very vivid. The certainty of its terrible ravages when it should appear was indisputable. So great was the apprehension and the desire that the city should be protected by every means that a Board of Health with extraordinary powers, not, however, including those of a Quarantine, had been created. There was a health officer specially charged with the sanitary defense of the port from foreign danger. There had been a body of Quarantine Commissioners for two years, whose duty was to find a suitable site for the Quarantine buildings. Every precaution had apparently been taken, when, on the 9th of April, the emigrant ship *England*, with 1200 passengers, arrived at Halifax. The cholera was raging on board, and there had been fifty deaths upon the passage. The pestilence was plainly at hand, and the efficiency of our New York preparations would doubtless be soon proved. And so it chanced; for on the afternoon of the 18th the emigrant ship *Virginia*, with 1043 passengers, arrived in the Narrows, off Staten Island, and reported thirty-eight deaths by cholera upon the passage, and the disease still raging.

It then appeared that the sole preparation in this port consisted of the hospital ship *Falcon*, which was not ready for service! As soon as possible, by putting on board a crowd of laborers, she was made ready, and on the 21st the sick were removed from the *Virginia*. As soon as possible, also, another ship, the *Illinois*, was prepared, and the well passengers were received upon her. If the fact were not tragical it would be unspeakably ludicrous. The chief port of the Western continent, after a year's warning, was totally unprepared to deal directly and adequately with the approach of a fearful pestilence. The probabilities were that it would come, as it did come, in an emigrant ship. It was known that such ships are crowded, often with more than a thousand passengers. The most extensive hospital accommodations were the most obvious necessity, and they were not ready. The difficulties may have been many, but there are cases in which difficulties must not be pleaded, and this was one of them. Somewhere, somehow the State of New York should have been ready for the event, and it was not ready.

We say the State, because the Health officer, in his explanatory letter, says that the Legislature up to the time of its adjournment had left the Quarantine Commissioners without any money. The law forbade them to erect hospitals on Staten Island, or Long Island, or Coney Island—the only New York shores of the bay; and New Jersey had refused them a foothold upon its territory. On the day that the *England* arrived at Halifax the Commissioners had telegraphed to the Secretary of the Navy asking for vessels. Two days afterward two were offered, but they proved unsuitable; and then vigorous measures were adopted to fit the *Falcon* for immediate service. But this explanation is not satisfactory. The *Atalanta* was here last November. The cholera was very sure to come early in the spring. There were no hospital accommodations but the ship *Falcon*. It was settled that there could be none upon the shores of the bay. Whose fault was it that the *Falcon* was not ready even on the 18th of April? Whose fault was it that no other ships were asked for until the 9th of April? If the Legislature perilously postponed the necessary appropriations, why was no statement made to the public that the imminent danger of the situation might have been known and proper pressure brought to bear upon the offenders? The *Virginia* and *England* are now both in port. *After* the former arrived the Quarantine Commissioners asked the authorities at Washington for the temporary use of Sandy Hook as a retreat for well passengers from infected ships. But the Government replied that New Jersey granted the use of Sandy Hook only upon condition that it should be devoted to military and similar public purposes. The Commissioners appeal, therefore, to the Board of Health to allow them some point of land at the disposal of the Board for the accommodation of quarantined passengers, declaring that the floating accommodations are insufficient.

The state of the case, then, is this: There are some 2000 persons detained in Quarantine. The sole hospital is the old ship *Falcon*, which accommodates not more than a hundred patients, to which, as we write, the *Saratoga* and *Portsmouth* are added. The shelter of well passengers is the steamship *Illinois*. There is a law against erecting hospitals on the adjacent land, and the Commissioners say that the floating accommodations are insufficient. Other infected ships are daily expected, and we have no other preparation. Meanwhile the Board of Health have asked for the use of the military hospitals at Fort Schuyler upon Throg's Neck, at the entrance of Long Island Sound. It is idle to assert that this dilemma arises from the destruction of the hospitals upon Staten Island; for that part of the island upon which they were situated was virtually a thickly-settled portion of the city of New York, and no effectual quarantine was possible there as the ravages of the yellow-fever in the neighborhood proved. It is not to the acts of a population which had no other remedy against a mortal disease planted among them, but to the avarice and corrupt intrigue of politicians and merchants that the absence of a suitable quarantine is to be ascribed.

The history of the New York Quarantine is briefly this: In 1758 the first hospital and offices were placed by the Colonial Legislature upon Bedloe's Island. In 1796 they were removed to Governor's Island, where they remained until the yellow-fever in 1799. The next year the Quarantine was established upon Staten Island, against the remonstrances of the inhabitants, twenty-four of whom were destroyed by the yellow-fever from the hospitals in the very first year of their erection. From that time onward the population constantly protested, until, in 1848—when there were a hundred and eighty persons attacked by infectious diseases from the Quarantine—the outrage became so undeniable that, upon careful inquiry, a Committee of the Legislature recommended its immediate removal. In 1849 an act was passed and officers appointed for the establishment of hospitals at Sandy Hook. Certain shipping interests in New York thwarted the operation of the act, and nothing further was done until 1856. In that year the Staten Island and Long Island shores were desolated by the yellow-fever, and the Legislature, in March, 1857, again ordered the removal of the Quarantine station. The Commissioners under the act applied to the Legislature of New Jersey to obtain Sandy Hook, and were again defeated by the same shipping interest, by the remonstrances of the Health Officer, the Board of Underwriters of New York, and the Commissioners of Emigration. Meanwhile it was impossible to prevent constant communication between the hospital-grounds and the other side of the wall, the seat of a dense population, mainly of a class which could not remove. The helplessness, suffering, and mortality of the inhabitants were such that the Board of Health of the town declared the establishment an intolerable nuisance, and called upon the citizens of the county to abate it without delay; and on the evenings of the 1st and 2d of September, 1858, without the least injury to the patients, who were carefully removed and protected, the buildings were burned to the ground by the people of the neighborhood. One man was accidentally shot by an employé of the institution, but the destruction was so little indicative of a riotous spirit that the property-holders in the vicinity considered that their property was enhanced in value fifty per cent. by the removal.

It is nearly eight years since the buildings were destroyed, and it is only during the session of the Legislature just ended that an act was passed to erect new hospitals upon the west bank of the Lower Bay. If the operation of this act is not thwarted as all the others have been, New York may possibly be ready for the next pestilence. But for the present she is shamefully unprepared; and although the sudden cold and the strict isolation of the ships have checked the progress of the disease for a time, the suffering of the passengers who may be subject to quarantine is already assured. The Health Officer says, "The roughness of the bay, from the high winds, makes it very unpleasant for all, and causes much sea-sickness." The present Quarantine arrangements are a disgrace to New York.

Upon page 292 the reader will find a descriptive Map of the Bay and the position of the ships.

MR. SEWARD'S DIPLOMACY.

MR. SEWARD's letter of February 12, to the French Minister, the MARQUIS DE MONTHOLON, is an elaborate and very able paper, stating with courtesy but with firmness the exact position of the United States in the Mexican complication. It has settled the question. France will leave Mexico without the appearance of compulsion, while the honor and peace of the United States are maintained. This is another of the signal services of Mr. SEWARD to the country, which will be gratefully remembered in extenuation of many harsh words privately spoken, and of much apparent alienation of sympathy from the cause to which his life has been devoted. The policy he has pursued in the French difficulty is surely preferable to the Captain Bobadil method, which was strenuously urged upon him in some quarters—a method of managing such questions which does not tend to keep the peace of the world.

The United States, according to Mr. SEWARD, do not question the right of France to settle her accounts with other nations in any manner which pleases her. If Mexico refuses to pay debts justly owing to French subjects, or if those subjects are maltreated in Mexico, it is certainly competent for an independent Power like France to demand and secure satisfaction. Nor, on the other hand, does the United States Government deny that any form of government voluntarily adopted by the citizens of Mexico must be respected. But the war in Mexico has become one of political intervention, which, in the judgment of this Government, menaces the interests of the United States; and there is no satisfactory evidence that the people of Mexico have established an empire, nor is such evidence possible while the French army remains.

As for the internal anarchy in Mexico which the French foreign Minister and others so loudly deplore, Mr. SEWARD bravely says that it is not to be denied but that this anarchy is necessarily and even wisely endured in the attempts to lay sure foundations of broad Republican liberty; and no foreign State can rightfully interfere in such trials, and, on the ground of a desire to correct them, deprive the people of their natural right of domestic and Republican freedom. The United States, therefore, must continue to recognize the Republic of Mexico, with which they have always maintained relations, and can not know the Austrian Archduke MAXIMILIAN as a Mexican Emperor.

The alternative is not stated, but it is plain. If the republic, our ally, should ask for aid in expelling an invader, it would be for us to consult our interests, which, as the wise and prudent ruler of France must see, would lead us to ——! The French Minister of Foreign Affairs thereupon replies that the withdrawal of the French troops will begin in November.

At the same time, hearing that Austrian re-

cruits, under the countenance of the Austrian Government, were to replace the Frenchmen, Mr. SEWARD writes a brief dispatch to Mr. MOTLEY, our Minister at Vienna, asking him to request a friendly and just statement of the position Austria intends to assume in Mexico, and to announce, in an equally friendly and just spirit, that hostilities in Mexico carried on by Austrian subjects with the consent of their Government will be considered war waged by Austria against the Mexican republic, of which the United States could not engage to remain silent or neutral spectators. Such friendly and just conduct on all sides will doubtless induce Austria, deserted by France and threatened by Prussia, *not* to sanction such hostilities. The Emperor MAXIMILIAN will then be about ready to take passage for home, and Mexico will resume, unmolested, her staggering journey toward national existence.

Less sagacity than Mr. SEWARD's and a different temperament would have managed these matters differently. But his ability and adroitness in the *Trent* affair, and his tranquil tenacity in this French complication, rank him with the most accomplished diplomatists. It was a fashion some years ago to deride him as a doctrinaire, but it would not be easy to find greater common-sense in the management of difficult affairs than Mr. SEWARD has shown in these transactions, and we regret all the more that he seems inclined to treat our domestic questions in a tone or petulant persiflage.

ON TAX-GATHERING.

THE public revenue from taxes, direct and indirect, during each of the fiscal years 1865–6 and 1866–7, is officially estimated at $525,000,000—say $16 50 per head of the total population of the United States—being 33 per cent. more than is paid by the population of Great Britain and Ireland, and about 100 per cent. more than is paid by the people of France. It is clear that when JEFFERSON BRICK, in his next Fourth of July oration, refers to the "worn-out despotisms" of the Old World, it will be but prudent to omit the usual sarcastic allusion to "tax-ridden people."

Heavy as the taxes are, however, they are and will continue to be cheerfully paid, so generally is it understood that the national debt was incurred for a proper purpose, and that the national credit must be preserved at whatever cost.

But there can be no question as to the impolicy of rendering the present onerous tax system needlessly odious by unjust, inquisitorial, and insulting formalities in the collection of taxes. Common sense indicates that the tax-gatherer, while doing his best to protect the Government from fraud, should not go out of his way either to outrage the feelings or to injure the interests of the people from whom he collects taxes. It is not quite certain that our present tax-gatherers altogether realize this principle.

There can be no question, for instance, but the publication of the income-tax returns last year was a gross outrage. It was a shameful invasion of the privacies of business. It may have served to bring to shame some rogues who had concealed their income for the purpose of cheating the Government. But for the sake of this barren revenge how many honest men were humiliated by the public parade of their misfortunes! A merchant's credit rests upon the proportion borne by his gains to his losses. To compel him to publish the results of his business each year is a stretch of despotism unparalleled in Russia, Turkey, or Morocco. Yet this is what our tax-gatherers did last year, apparently with the sanction of the authorities at Washington. The outrage was regarded with amazement in England, where, with becoming delicacy, the collector keeps his returns an inviolable secret. "The Americans not pay taxes?" said a good English friend, on reading the income-tax returns as published in our papers; "the Americans will endure without a murmur invasions of private rights which would plunge England into revolution."

Nor was the form and principle of the income-tax returns last year less objectionable. On the back of the return were a number of questions which will be readily remembered. The gist of these questions was: "Are you not a confirmed rogue, and have you not perjured yourself in the within return?" Now is there any common sense in thus gratuitously insulting tax-payers? If the original return be false the signer will not stickle at repeating on the outside the falsehood he has already stated in the inside. If the original return be true, the signer will justly feel indignant at being inferentially charged with roguery. In general these income-tax returns must be matters of honor. No investigation, however inquisitorial, will enable the officers of Government to detect the false statements rendered by a rogue. Why suggest the idea of fraud? In actual business every one has learned by experience that the surest way to get cheated is to assume that you are going to be cheated, and to take all manner of offensive precautions. Revenue officers should remember the fact; and bearing also in mind that their calls on the public are of their nature unwelcome, should not render them doubly so by useless and irritating hints at knavery.

Last year, when the income-tax returns were made, a ruling of the Revenue Commissioner required a man to pay income-tax on all profits he had made, and did not allow him to deduct his losses from his gains. Thus, if a man had made $10,000 in teas and sugars, and had afterward bought ships and lost $20,000, the income-tax gatherers insisted on the tax on the $10,000 without regard to the loss of $20,000. No man, it seems, cared to resist so iniquitous and absurd a decision, and many men who had really no income at all in 1864 paid tax nevertheless. A recent ruling of the Commissioner partially corrects this injustice. This year taxpayers will be allowed to deduct their business losses from their business gains. But they will not be allowed to deduct losses from fixed investments in stocks and bonds or real estate. Thus, if a man, in 1865, owned real estate which yielded him $10,000 a year, and at the same time lost by dealings in real estate or merchandise $25,000—so that, in reality, he had in that year no income whatever—he will still be required to pay income-tax on $10,000. Whether such a decision as this can be maintained in the courts may be a question. There can be no question whatever but that the practical effects of such decisions is to arouse animosity against a revenue system so harshly administered.

Judge SMALLEY has lately rendered a decision which is of much importance. Heretofore assessors, after accepting returns and transmitting them to collectors who collected the money specified therein, have been in the habit of sending detectives to examine the books of the parties who had made the returns with a view of detecting frauds. Judge SMALLEY has decided that, when an assessor has accepted a return, he can not afterward repudiate it. This seems to be common sense. If an assessor has reason to suspect the truth of a return made to him let him reject it or hold it in abeyance, and before transmitting it to the collector, make his inquiries and examinations. But after he has accepted it, he has no right to question it unless he is prepared to bring a specific charge of perjury against its author. It is impossible to exaggerate the practical evils of the present system of detectives. JONES, let us say, is a distiller, and has been making returns to the department regularly ever since returns were required. They have always been received, transmitted to the collector, and by him presented for payment and paid. Now appears on the scene ROBINSON, who says he is a Government detective, and desires to examine JONES's books for the last two years to see whether he has not understated his operations. Every one who is engaged in business will understand that SMITH and BROWN, who are competitors of JONES in the same trade, could afford to give $10,000 to know exactly how JONES's business stands, how much whisky he has made, to whom he has sold it, and at what prices. All this information the detective ROBINSON naturally acquires by virtue of his office. Is the Revenue Department supplied with detectives of such tried virtue that it can be sure ROBINSON will not sell his information to SMITH and BROWN, or, more likely still, accept a *douceur* from JONES for keeping his eyes shut during the examination of the books?

It is very important indeed that Government should not be cheated in the collection of the revenue. But—strange as it may seem to the Revenue officers—there are things more important still; and one of these is, that citizens of the United States shall not be subjected to a government of spies and informers. The privacy of the bedchamber is not more essential to the individual than the privacy of his ledger to a merchant. Government must not venture to violate the one or the other. If it does so, it does it at its peril. The Government of the Emperor NAPOLEON—which we denounce as despotic—no more dare send detectives to inspect the books of a Paris merchant, under the pretense of seeing if he had not cheated the revenue, than it dare bombard New York without a declaration of war; and we are not, after all, very much more long-suffering than the French.

Revenue officials, and Congress—which will have this matter of the taxes before it at the time these lines are read—must steadfastly remember that the country is now cooling down from the enthusiasm which existed during the war. While the war lasted, every objection urged against the acts of Government was tantamount to aid and comfort to the enemy, and loyal men bore and forbore, rather than aggravate the necessary embarrassments of the Administration. That season has passed away. Neither the existence of the nation nor the success of our arms are now in question. People have leisure to think of their private concerns. They can afford to demur to any official proceeding which they deem unjust, without compromising their character as loyal men. Congress must therefore beware of assuming that, because the acts of the Revenue officials met with acquiescence during the war, they will not be questioned now, if they be questionable. Government and the revenue are very important things. But, as Mr. LINCOLN well said, "The ship is made for the carrying and preservation of the cargo." The people have some rights as well as the Government. And while Congress will but do its duty in securing a proper revenue for Government, it should not forget that it had better leave Government without any revenue whatever than secure that revenue at the cost of the private rights and liberties of the people of the United States.

"ALL RIGHT, AGAIN.—DE SAUTY."

DE SAUTY is still "all right." He is the most miraculous "toiler of the sea." DE SAUTY will never say die. He is already preparing for his next attempt. May his lines lie in pleasanter places!

The stowing of the new cable in the tanks of the *Great Eastern* began three weeks ago. At the end of June the steamer will sail and the experiment begin again. Meanwhile the engineers of the Company and other scientific men agree in the conviction that it will be very easy to recover the cable which is now lying at the bottom of the sea, and complete it into an electrically perfect telegraphic line between Valentia and Newfoundland. These gentlemen are further of opinion that the *Great Eastern* can lay a cable in any weather; that her paying-out machinery worked perfectly, and can be trusted to lay cables across the Atlantic; and that with a steam-engine attached to the paying-out machinery the cable could be recovered before it reached the bottom and be repaired at once. They affirm that the cable of 1865, although capable of bearing a strain of seven tons, did not sustain one of more than fourteen hundred weight in the laying in the deepest water; and that four nautical miles of that cable were recovered from a depth of more than two miles, and the insulation of the gutta-percha covered wire was not in the least affected by the depth of water or the strain of recovery. On the contrary, it is proved that the insulation of a cable improves by its submersion in the cold, deep water; while the wire of 1865 was a hundred times better insulated than cables made in 1858, which were then considered perfect and are still working. It is supposed that the length of the line between Valentia and Heart's Content will be about 1900 miles, and that eight words a minute can be transmitted. The intention of the Company, as we understand, is to lay one new cable, and to recover and complete that of last year. For this purpose 2730 miles of cable will be shipped, which, in all but a slight difference of weight in air and water, will be exactly like the last.

Last year 1200 miles of cable were laid from Valentia westward, and this, according to the authorities, is now lying in perfect electric condition in the very safest place in which a submarine cable can be kept, and ready to do its work as soon as it is finished to Newfoundland, which is 600 miles distant from the west end of the wire. A system of recovery of the cable has been carefully matured, and every body concerned is clearly of DE SAUTY's cheerful opinion, "all right." Certainly it deserves to be; and the undaunted energy of the managers is the best reason for supposing that a work which is sure to be sooner or later successful may succeed at this third trial.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

THE question is often asked of physicians, Is such or such an article healthy? the idea being that some articles are always readily digested, while some others are, as a matter of course, somewhat of difficult digestion, and therefore occasion to all more or less of trouble. The questioner usually, however, has no fixed purpose of discarding whatever kinds of food may be deemed injurious, as should be done if conscience is to dictate here as well as in other matters. The intention generally is to use occasionally the unhealthy articles, giving a large preponderance to those which are healthy. But the idea of such a general division of food into two classes is wholly unfounded. The question as to a suitable diet is an *individual* one. What may be readily digested by one is not by another, and produces, therefore, disquiet in the stomach. The laborer can ordinarily digest easily a larger range of diet than the sedentary man, because with his greater general vigor there is commonly greater vigor of stomach. Milk, which is apt to agree well, as it is expressed, with most persons, in some occasions turmoil in the process of digestion, and to them it is, therefore, an unhealthy food. Cucumbers are often condemned unsparingly, but by many they are easily digested; and if so, the refreshment they afford is certainly beneficial. We have known some invalids to be really very much benefited by them from this cause. The effect was so marked in the case of one of them that she said that she was always better in the season of cucumbers than at any other period. We sometimes meet with some singular idiosyncrasies in regard to food. We knew a lady who could eat rich cake with impunity, and yet plain bread would make her sick.

Though milk is a full combination of all the elements of necessary food, it should be depended upon as the only food in no other period than infancy. We should follow here, as every where, the indications of nature. Teeth are made for use, and are supplied at the right time. Therefore as soon as the child has a sufficient number to serve well in cutting and grinding there is a call for solid food. The change should be made gradually, and not be inaugurated in full till the mill in the mouth is completed. The most common error is to make the change too early; for it is obvious that when there are only a few small teeth there is not an apparatus adequate to the proper mastication of the solid food that is often at this period made a part of the diet.

Sugar is an important article of diet, as indicated by its liberal supply in nature. The wisdom, therefore, of some restrictions that are sometimes put upon its use in the diet of children is doubtful, though there is no question that the free use of it at irregular times between meals is very injurious. But while we use it liberally, we should avoid using it in such a manner as to beget a dislike for articles of food in which it is not present.

Fruits are not made as prominent as they should be as a portion of our daily food, especially in the summer season. Observe that we say as daily food, for the occasional free use of them, with long intervals of abstinence from their use, is apt to produce derangement of the digestive organs.

Some are very restrictive in their diet, especially in relation to fruits, when such diseases as dysentery and cholera are prevalent. This is an error; for the best diet as a prophylactic is that which nature dictates as the most suitable to the digestive organs under ordinary circumstances. And experience has shown, what nature indicates, that the regular use of ripe, well-conditioned fruit is really a good preservative against irritation of those organs as well when such diseases are present as when they are not.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 25:

In the Senate, the bill for the admission of Colorado passed, 19 to 13.

In the House, Mr. Morrill reported a bill, which was passed, levying 20 per cent. *ad valorem* on all imported live stock.

April 26:

In the House, the bill for the relief of paymasters was passed.

April 27:

In the Senate, the bill for the relief of certain naval contractors was passed.

In the House, the Northern Pacific Railroad bill was defeated, a motion to lay on the table being carried, 76 to 56.

April 30:

In the House, the River and Harbor Improvement Bill was passed.

REPORT OF THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

This Report recommends three measures:

I. A Resolution to amend the Constitution, so that

1. No State shall abridge the privileges and immunities of United States citizens.

2. Representation shall be based on the population, excluding Indians not taxed. But whenever in any State the elective franchise shall be denied to any portion of its male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age, or in any way abridged, except for participation in the rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation in such State shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age.

3. Until the 4th day of July, 1870, all persons who voluntarily adhered to the late insurrection, giving it aid and comfort, shall be excluded from the right to vote for Members of Congress, and for Electors for President and Vice-President of the United States.

4. Neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation already incurred, or which may hereafter be incurred, in aid of the insurrection or war against the United States, or any claim for compensation for loss of involuntary service or labor.

5. The Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this article.

II. A bill to provide for the restoration of the late rebel States to their full political rights, providing

1. That whenever the above recited amendment shall have become part of the Constitution, and any State lately in insurrection shall have ratified the same, and shall have modified its Constitution and laws in conformity therewith, the Senators and Representatives from such State, if found duly elected and qualified, may, after having taken the required oaths of office, be admitted into Congress.

2. That when any State lately in insurrection shall have ratified the proposed amendment to the Constitution, any part of the direct tax, under the act of Aug. 5, 1861, which may remain due and unpaid in such State, may be assumed and paid by such State, and the payment thereof upon proper assurances from such State, to be given to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, may be postponed for a period not exceeding ten years from and after the passage of this act.

III. A bill declaring to be ineligible to office under the United States Government the following persons:

1. The President and Vice-President of the Confederate States of America, so called, and the Heads of Departments thereof.

2. Those who in other countries acted as agents of the Confederate States of America, so called.

3. Heads of Departments of the United States, officers of the Army and Navy of the United States, and all persons educated in the Military or Naval Academy of the United States, Judges of the Courts of the United States, and members of either House of the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, who gave aid or comfort to the late rebellion.

4. Those who acted as officers of the Confederate States of America, so called, above the grade of Colonel in the army, or Master in the navy, or any one who, as Governor of either of the so-called Confederate States, gave aid or comfort to the late rebellion.

5. Those who have treated officers or soldiers or sailors of the army or navy of the United States, captured during the late war, otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Metropolitan Board of Excise organized April 20. The Board voted to establish two grades of licenses: one, at $250 a year, to authorize the sale of ale, beer, and spirituous liquors; and the other, at $100 annually, granting liberty to sell ale and beer only.

Judge Hunter, of the Memphis Criminal Court, has decided that the law of Tennessee, discriminating against colored persons in the licensing of billiard tables, is in conflict with the Civil Rights Act, recently passed by Congress, and therefore void. The negroes of Memphis may now open as many billiard saloons as they want.

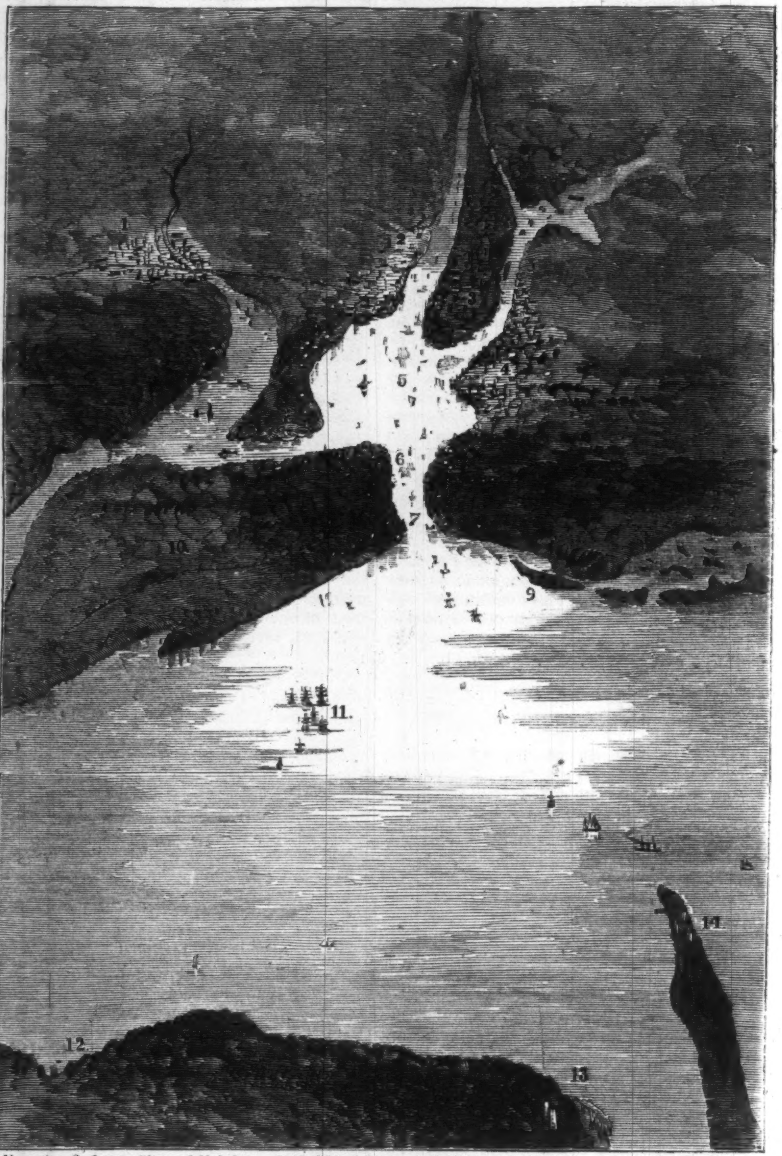
FOREIGN NEWS.

THE preparations on board the *Great Eastern* for receiving the new Atlantic Cable have been completed, and the stowing away of the cable in the tanks commenced on April 7. At the end of June or the beginning of July the *Great Eastern* will commence laying the cable.

An attempt was made to assassinate the Emperor of Russia on Sunday, April 15. The assassin fired a pistol at the Emperor. The ball, providentially, missed its aim.

It appears now as if there would be no German war. Bismarck will scarcely succeed in securing the alliance of the minor States, several of which have already determined for Austria.

THE "CALLIOPE."—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



1. Newark.—2. Jersey City and Hoboken.—3. New York City.—4. Brooklyn.—5. N. Y. Bay.—6. Quarantine Station.—7. The Narrows.—8. Fort Hamilton.—9. Coney Island.—10. Staten Island.—11. Quarantine, Lower Bay.—12. Keyport, New Jersey.—13. The Highlands.—14. Sandy Hook.

MAP OF NEW YORK BAY.—[SEE PAGE 290.]

SHOCKOE CREEK VALLEY.

IT is not overrating the city of Richmond to say that, in point of diversity of scenery, in and around her, and for picturesque beauty, she stands unrivaled by any city of her size in the United States, and but few in the world. Situated, like Rome, upon her seven hills (Shockoe, French Garden, Union, Gamble, Oregon, Church, and Navy) wherever the traveler moves he is met by some fresh *coup d'œil* totally dissimilar to any thing he had seen before, and altogether destructive of that unpleasant monotony which is experienced in all large, flat cities, laid out in regular squares with mathematical precision.

One of the most interesting of the many views is the one which we present elsewhere, from a sketch by Mr. J. R. HAMILTON. It is taken from the eminence on which the Medical College stands, and immediately adjoining the famed residence of JEFFERSON DAVIS, the garden-front of which is seen on the bold promontory to the left of the picture. The hill on the opposite side of the valley is called Union Hill, and was, during the war, one vast encampment, when its side dotted with tents must have presented a most animated appearance. On the crest of the hill, at the extreme right, is seen Howard's Grove—a cluster of beautiful pine-trees—which was used as a camp and a hospital during the war, and is now occupied by the freedmen.

In the centre of the valley runs the great Central Railroad, leading to Gordonsville, and thence by the Orange Railroad to Alexandria and Washington. The varied fortunes of this great artery during the war are too well-known for recapitulation. In the distance is seen the great work-shops and engine-stores belonging to the Company.

Shockoe Creek, which gives its name to the val-

ON THE MISSISSIPPI—RELIGIOUS SERVICES ON BOARD THE "RUTH."—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

ley as well as the hill upon which the residence of the late Confederate President is situated, is a self-willed and pugnacious little stream that is either in good or bad humor as it chooses. During the summer months it meanders through the valley, a peaceful, inoffensive little stream, barely sufficient to turn the old-fashioned mill which is shown toward the right of the picture, and little children gambol about its cool waters; but when winter sets in, and the floods come on, Shockoe Creek has often been the source not only of consternation but much damage to various parts of the town. On its way to join the James River it passes under Franklin, Main, and Cary streets, and in flood-time creates havoc in the lower portions of these streets. Last winter it became so furious as to demolish several houses in the valley, inundated the cellars of Franklin and Main streets, and visited the old market, sweeping off butter, eggs, vegetables, and even the contents of the butchers' stalls that were not suspended high enough above its depredations.

Along the crest of Union Hill runs the Mechanicsville Road, parallel with it. It was along this road that, in 1862, LEE marched his army to encounter M'CLELLAN upon the occasion of the ever-memorable seven days' fight. Upon that occasion the whole population of Richmond, men, women, and children, turned out upon the eminence from which our sketch is taken to mark the movements of the troops; and the flight of bursting shells in that famous encounter was distinctly visible to the spectators.

Shockoe Valley is also the locality for public executions, a portion of it—that seen at the extreme left of the picture—being called "Execution Valley." It is rarely that public executions occur in Richmond during peace.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

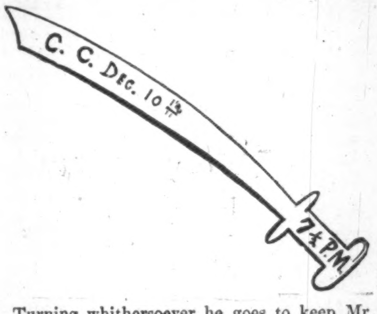
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

BY GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF late Mr. Neely—a beef-contractor now, and getting rich much more rapidly than when he taught school; no man striving more desperately than he to keep himself in the very van of Southern sentiment—finds himself suddenly mystified and left behind. For several weeks now he has observed posted up from time to time on every dead wall about Somerville a mysterious placard of red paper, sword-shaped, bearing mystical letters:



Turning whithersoever he goes to keep Mr. Neely out of some unknown Paradise, blazes this awful portent, until the contractor for beef can stand it no longer. He has questioned others in vain. Why had he not thought of it before? Tim Lamum!

Even after he found Tim, in the bar-room of Staples's Hotel, industriously engaged—Tim is a commissary agent these days, by deputy, his sole business by day being to smoke, with poker added at night—it is some time before Mr. Neely can get through with Burnside's repulse on the Rappahannock. This is the last news; and to Mr. Neely fighting it over again with terrific slaughter Tim only puffs a languid assent. In fact, the war has become a bore to the ex-provost marshal; for *that* bubble of blood has burst before this, at least until another and more regular one can be blown. The Yankees being so invariably and utterly routed in every fight, the independence of the Confederacy being beyond all question, very tired indeed is Tim of the whole subject.

And now, when Mr. Neely at last arrives at his point, and desires admission to whatever secret society lies behind the mystic sword, this Dragon of the Hesperides has that one fatal question to ask:

"Where were you born, Mr. Neely?" though he already knows perfectly well; and on Mr. Neely's reply assures the applicant that his admission is therefore an impossibility, and walks off.

That matter of birth—it clings to Mr. Neely as to Œdipus clung *his* curse. No child born out of wedlock, no offspring of one who dies by the hand of the hangman, so unfortunate. Yes; if his mother had been a harlot kenneled in a brothel, if his father had been a criminal whose last dying speech and confession had been published in all the papers, Mr. Neely could have concealed the blot and shame upon his name in some distant region, and lived and died respected and in peace. But his New England birth! The "damned spot" will not "out," nor can it be concealed. New England training will not permit him to tell a point-blank lie in the matter, even if he did not know from bitter experience that a certain Yankeeism clings to him in

THE MYSTERIOUS PLACARD.

spite of unceasing and long-continued exertion, an ointment of his right hand, which bewrayeth itself do what he can. Cruel misfortune! and he so little to blame for it, too! Was it he or his parents who sinned, that he should have been born—in Connecticut? He would not have insisted on South Carolina, if that were too great a boon; if he could only have been born on the northernmost edge of Maryland, or the southernmost possible coast of Florida! Better have first seen the light even in the most desperate county in Arkansas.

In the name of Reason and St. Logic what is it constitutes one a Southern man? What the very essence and marrow of the thing so much more desirable to Mr. Neely than was the being a Roman citizen of old? Surely, Mr. Neely reasoned, it must be in the actually owning a negro. Yet, while many a man who enjoyed the enviable blessing of being Southern born, either could not or would not own a slave, Mr. Neely both could and would and did. The first moment it was in his power, with money industriously made and hoarded for that one end, Mr. Neely bought a negro. Not a negro man; Mr. Neely was not sufficiently acquainted with owning of the article to venture that at first. He bought a negro woman, of the jettest black he could get for the money.

Language fails to describe Mr. Neely's feelings on that eventful night when his woman Ceely, paid for and delivered, made herself at home in the kitchen of his residence, while he sat in his room and thought it all over. He went back to the happy hour he came into possession of his deceased father's huge silver watch, had it actually ticking in his distended fob, his *own* watch. He recalled the day he put the first horse he ever bought in the stable, and stood without in the snow listening to it munching its hay; his own animal, hoof and hide, from the tips of its ears to the end of its tail; his own quadruped, to ride, harness, plow, swap, sell, exactly as he pleased. But here was something far superior to all that. A woman, a living, breathing, speaking, working woman. There was the "help" at his old home, Keziah, but she could drop her work, place her arms akimbo, and give Mr. Neely's mother just as good as she got—could, and on the occasion of a final spat did, hurry her things in her trunk, slam to the lid, snap her fingers in the face of the Neely household, and depart, leaving them cookless and in the middle of a heavy washing. But here was a Keziah, only of another shade of complexion, who could cook, wash, iron, ay, plow and hoe, and his own, own property. His own woman to keep or to hire, to sell or to swap—from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot as much his own article as was his watch or his horse. And then, all her children as they might come into the world his also!

That eight hundred dollars had bought him more gratification than he had ever dreamed it lay in the power of money to purchase; it gave a value to money which it had never had even in Mr. Neely's eyes. Mr. Neely sat up late thinking it over, not unconscious of how much elevated he was thereby above any of his old acquaintances still resident in his old village. He would like to be there—they knowing of his purchase—if it was only for a few days to enjoy it. He woke a dozen times that night with the thought. He even went out once or twice during the night to the door of the kitchen to make sure she was there, heard her deep breathing within and returned satisfied. You who own merely houses, lands, bank stock, railway scrip, and the like, wait till you own a human being before you can claim to understand the pleasure of property. Only we at the South got so used to it!

With Mr. Neely there was at first the flushed eagerness of a school-boy with a stolen water-melon; the sense, too, of having achieved a kind of moral impossibility, which added to the excitement of the purchase.

But these weeks, up to and after the date of the sword on the walls, roll by very slowly; wearily, too, with the burden of heavy hearts. A vast and increasing difference between Union men and all others. Business, ruined with the Union people, was never more thriving with good Secessionists. Hardly one of these last in Somerville but has an office, a contract, an agency—something or other which pays. If Tim Lamum has bought one fine horse in the last year he has bought twenty, the best to be had in all the land. Captain Simmons also. Hitherto it was with utmost difficulty he was able to pay his board bill at Staples's; in fact, Joe Staples, his hair standing a thousand ways with indignation, ex-tailor as he is, has been loud in comment upon the Captain's delinquency, fearless of consequences. During the last few months, however, the Captain has "settled up like a gentleman," as Staples himself proclaims; has bought several new negroes, drives a splendid pair of blacks—not, of course, of the last-mentioned race—and is now habitually drunk, and therefore habitually the most Chesterfieldian in his intercourse with others of any man in Somerville. Bob Withers expresses only the experience of many thousands like him the South over.

"As for me, gentlemen, what's the use denying the thing among friends? Secession has put me on, by George! *my* legs for one?" Only a tax-collector is Bob; yet in some mystic manner he has got capital from *some* source, with which, ceasing from drinking even for the time, in the eagerness of a new excitement, he has speculated in flour, salt, and whisky, until, if we may credit his statement, he is "Rich, by George! You can always count on returns trading in the actual necessaries of life, gentlemen. Yes, rich; you'd better believe so. Don't pretend to say how long it will be before Tim Lamum there wins it all from me at poker; but until that or some other providence happens to relieve me of it, for the first time in *my* life, by George! rich, yes, Sir, rich!"

There is Smithers, the postmaster, as ordinary a little sandy-haired man as you have in all your circle of acquaintance. A strange article wherewith to fill a post-office is sugar; yet Smithers has several rows of hogsheads thereof and therein. Seven cents a pound Smithers sells it at? No, paid for it. It is forty-five cents a pound wholesale, fifty cents a pound retail, he sells it at. Smithers's intentions are—negroes. In fact, he is always in the market for a woman to do the housework. An unfortunate man he invariably is in his perpetual purchases of the same. As fast almost as he can buy them do they run away—owing to Mrs. Smithers, whom even Mrs. Warner has described as being "one of those women who will not have a moment's rest herself, nor let a soul on the place have it either, day or night. Deliver *me* from such creatures!" unconscious that that respected lady is as much like herself in that as is a pin to a needle, a thorn to a splinter.

If Smithers has one woman "lying out" he has half a dozen. And where is the use of having the dogs to trail them? You have to pay more than the woman is worth to catch her. And when she is caught and whipped, Smithers doing it with his strap, Mrs. Smithers with her tongue, the first thing Mrs. Smithers finds when she wakes of a morning is the kitchen hearth-stone cold, and Polly, Molly, Cynthy, Aggy, whatever it is, gone again. And thus does Smithers's sugar dissolve away.

Look at Joe Staples. Happy day for Staples when he laid aside shears and goose, leaped from his counter, rallied to himself the other eight parts of manhood, and went to keeping tavern! With money—gold it was—lent him by Mr. Ferguson, he provisioned his house so thoroughly when prices were low, and charges so enormously now when prices are high, that he too is getting rich. Since he has straightened his crossed legs he has actually grown inches in height, feet in circumference, beyond all admeasurement in the estimation of his household and himself. His very hair is more electric than ever with increased life at its roots.

As to little Joe Staples—the forward, dissipated, little offspring—under the new hotel régime, "he has money in great rolls, you'll bet," is the touching plaint of other boys to their parents; "buys game-chickens, candy, cigars, and a new pony whenever he wants to!" He is not quite nine yet, but already disdains the hotel gong on the arrival of glorious news. Generally he is the first, after Bill Perkins has announced it, at the Brick Church, holding on with the grip of a cray-fish to the knot on the end of the rope, rising high from the floor into the air at each semicircular sweep of the great bell.

And there is good Mr. Ellis. Four daughters has Mr. Ellis, and two sons. Henry, his eldest, is back home now, a hero from the repulse on the Rappahannock, but a cripple for life with a shot through the hip, and dreadfully emaciated by months in the hospital. Charley Ellis, his brother of twelve, no longer an attendant at Sunday-school or at church—it being impossible to go to Mr. Arthur's church any longer, since he will not pray for the Confederacy—shows terrible evidence thereof in morals; is, in fact, a distress to his father. A care-worn, haggard, stooping man now, from whom collectors of the perpetual subscription-lists for war purposes shrink most when they are abroad—as, for one such object or other they always are; because they know how Mr. Ellis shrinks from them. He really can not, will not! The money is misappropriated, or the object does not exactly fit his way of thinking. More intensely, bitterly, even fanatically Secession than ever before; yet Mr. Ellis is getting the reputation, justly or not, of being the most penurious man in Somerville. In far shabbier attire than he ever wore in other days Mr. Ellis, from talking at street corners all the rest of the time, is frantic to disprove all unfavorable, and to magnify all favorable news. On Sundays also, discussing Burnside and Lee with lying Sam Peters, Tim Lamum, Dr. Peel, Captain Simmons, and the rest, while the bells are ringing, and afterward too. As to that, the

MAKING CAPS.

Union people in Somerville are also thrown together these many months now in new combinations. Society, thoroughly broken up from its foundations, is crystallizing into totally new forms.

Mr. Neely is flourishing as a beef-contractor in war times should. Possessing Confederate money in great sheets, he has bought quite a snug tract of wooded land near Somerville, and sells wood off it by the hundred cords. True, it is land belonging to Guy Brooks, Esq., but he being, as is well known now, a Colonel in the Federal service, his property has been confiscated and sold.

It is not in horses, lands, sugar, or even—which he declares in the *Star* to be the best of all investments—negroes, that Lamum, the editor, has placed his money. Cotton is his weakness. Report whispers into your ear that he has hundreds of bales safely to his account in some place over the water—but report says the same thing of most of the Secession leaders; it may all be false. With Government teams an immense deal of cotton is certainly going to the nearest ports, the Government stores coming back on blockade-runners being singularly disproportionate. In fact, a cry of swindling and corruption and favoritism is already begun, which swells every day; only among the people, however, and the power has long ago passed out of their hands.

Dr. Ginnis, big, pompous, spending his money—on all sorts of Medical Boards these days—in improving his place in Somerville, asserts that Dr. Peel, who has half a dozen contracts, has made half a million—but who can say?

"Even an infidel," reasons Mrs. Warner to her husband, "can see the Almighty is on our side by the way He is blessing us. Every mail brings news of glorious victories, and scarce a Secessionist at home—I mean those who took a leading hand—but is coining money. As to those miserable, God-forsaken Union people—look at them! I say, only look at them!"

Well, yes. As a general rule these last have sacrificed to their pigheadedness, to their perverse principles, every thing in the shape not only of popularity, common respect even, but of business also. But their infatuation, their obstinate convictions, like cancers in the bosom, seem destroying their victims; and, like cancers, are incurable—only the more deep-seated as the days roll by and Secession develops itself. Their love for what they still persist in calling their country glows still unquenched, unquenchable.

You who lived outside the South during the war, reading all varieties of papers, speaking exactly what you happened to think and feel, imagine, if you can, yourself to have been placed as these were. You were no more accustomed all your life hitherto to freedom than were these. Your convictions upon the whole matter were not clearer than were those of these men; only, living within the disease itself they knew more of its misery than you could. To them the rebellion is devastating their own soil. Think of yourself as, under like circumstance, not daring to speak your deepest and dearest sentiments at your own table and fireside lest your very children should, by their unguarded babble, betray you to death. Imagine yourself doomed every day of your life to hear read aloud from the papers and spoken by every tongue that which you knew to be lies; forced to see the commonest of common sense hourly trodden under foot; compelled continually to hear approved things subversive of all morality, powerless to help yourself; obliged to hear positions assumed by Christian men and women, by Christian ministers and in churches on the Sabbath—positions assumed, sentiments advanced, plans proposed, which, in common with every believer in Christianity outside the malaria of Secession, you knew to be exactly that which Christianity was given to overthrow—principles which you knew, as well as you could know any thing, to be of the devil, fathered upon a holy God! All this, and you required to sit under it all like a statue!

The next time, dear reader, you hear news, glad news, which causes all your heart to leap for joy, oblige me by trying yourself the experiment of wearing thereupon and therefor the saddest of countenances, as if for tidings the most disastrous. On the next occasion you hear news which rings a death-knell to your fondest hopes, be so kind as to assume the appearance of one who has just heard what he most desired. This was only the lot of Union people at the South all the war through. Your son, your husband, off from you in the Confederate ranks, enduring all the privations of a soldier's life, fighting, in spite of yourself and himself, in a cause you abhor; fighting against all of succor that is coming doubtfully toward you! But you can not imagine it as we felt it.

"Never was my poor faith in God as strong as it is now," placid Mrs. Sorel says to Mr. Arthur in these days of the repulse of Burnside. "Because I feel that nothing but his special grace could sustain me as I am sustained. That my boy—*my* Frank—but the other day standing beside me, with his dead father's eyes and hair and very voice, his father's strong sense beginning to beam upon his forehead—my pride, beside Robby—my sole hope on earth—that he should be undergoing all those horrors in Virginia, and for what?" And the tear which trickles down her cheek as she bends lower down over her sewing is, alas! but one of the drops as abundant as rain which, from the same cause, fall over the whole South.

Because Frank Sorel has been trained to be true to his name in all his dealings with his mother as with every one else, and writes, accordingly, as truthfully as he would have spoken had he been at home. Letters filled, as all truthful letters from Confederate armies these days are, with tales of nakedness, hunger, loathsome food, exhausting marches, cold, and wet; letters telling of filth, vermin, disease, death by hundreds, like that among infected sheep; letters after battles in which valor the most desperate avails as nothing against artillery, and persistence even after frequent defeat, and telling of all the after-horrors of wounded, dying, dead; letters at least hinting at the gambling, hideous profanity, and licentiousness, before which even white-headed Christians give way, even Chaplains not rarely go down; letters written on a blanket spread on the ground, on saddle flaps, all blotted and blurred. If Mr. Ferguson, now, could only have made up a library of volumes of the war letters!

"And we have Davis's assertion that the war may last for years," says Mr. Arthur. "Even after it is over, the Confederacy a success, our young men have still to be soldiers, partly to watch the North, partly to stand perpetual guard over the negroes, then a hundred-fold more in need of being guarded than ever. May Heaven deliver Frank and Robby here from such a country! The ruin of our glorious land, and all this for—slavery." How evident that Mr. Arthur is becoming a fanatic!

"Pardon me, Mr. Arthur," says Mrs. Sorel, gravely, "but we will not speak on that subject. You know all my life-long prejudices on the matter. If our peculiar institutions are displeasing to Heaven, it will do away with them in its own time and way. I would not raise a finger in the matter. Meanwhile, to talk upon the subject—pardon me—is disagreeable to me. You know I am a South Carolinian, and we have been so basely abused by the Abolitionists! I am too old to change my views, too old even to think patiently upon the subject."

Not the only Union heart in the South which at that day shrank from all investigation on that point. We all shudder and turn away when the bandages come to be unwrapped from an ulcer or a wound long neglected. We are so constituted, some of us, we grow pale, sicken, faint—we can not do it. We prefer to let the bandages stay, and hope for the best. Put on the broadcloth over it all, and, for Heaven's sake, let us say no more about it.

Mrs. Bowles is whitening in her hair these days as well as Mrs. Sorel. Not trouble only—bewilderment. Things were so perfectly settled in her younger days there in South Carolina. If Mr. Neely was not born there Mrs. Bowles was; it was a satisfaction to her every waking hour of her life; she escapes as much as she can out of the present which so stuns her into that blessed past.

"Dear Mrs. Sorel, please advise with me, talk with me as you used to do. There is *such* a difference between the two opinions; they are in such conflict one of them must be victorious over the other before very long. Which is the right one? Won't you tell me something?" It is Alice who says it, seated on a stool at Mrs. Sorel's feet, in Mrs. Sorel's own room. Her friend sews and muses with bowed head, muses almost unconscious that Alice beside her is other than the little girl she was it seems but yesterday.

"You know you have always been another mother to me. You used to advise me in all my little troubles, and always advised me right," pleads Alice. "What do *you* think—what ought I to think upon these terrible things?"

"Do not think upon them at all, Alice," says Mrs. Sorel. "We are women. Let the men think and vote and fight."

"In so awful a state of things even we ought to know at least which is right and which is wrong," begins Alice.

"It is a theological affair in part; why not consult Mr. Arthur?" asks Mrs. Sorel, with something of the smile of other days as she looks her fair visitor in the eyes upturned to hers. Alice colors beneath the smile, drops the long lashes over her eyes, but answers none the less promptly:

"A minister has already advised me on the subject—that Mr. Barker. You know mamma has not attended Mr. Arthur's church for some time. Mr. Barker has had the good taste to make her a pastoral visit in consequence. But you know mamma. Good Secessionist as she is, she has a horror none the less for such men as Dr. Peel, Dr. Ginnis—especially for Mr. Barker, almost as much aversion as for the Abolitionist preachers. She sent down a request to be excused. He did not understand it in the least, and left behind, with his compliments for mamma, his last printed sermon."

"Well?"

"Oh, I actually read it through!" says Alice. He preached it on one of his visits to the capital of the State, and it was published, as the Preface says, at the earnest request of the Governor and all the other officials there."

"And what is it all about? Colonel Juggins always sends me over Mr. Barker's sermons as fast as they are published, as well as every thing of the kind, but I'm ashamed to say," adds Mrs. Sorel, "that I have never read one of them yet."

"All about the Institution. It is like what I have read about the clergy of Europe preaching that kings rule the people by Divine right. They proved from Scripture that despotism is not of man at all, but exists by Divine ordinance. All who believe in and fight for despotism are God's peculiar people. All who oppose kings are infidels. This combining of the preachers for slavery so earnestly reminds me of the Holy Alliance of Europe. Am I wrong, Aunty?"

"I have been trained from my birth, my dear," says Mrs. Sorel, gravely, "to believe that the Bible does expressly sanction slavery. It is true I have never read but on one side. I may add, that I have at times had some painful doubts on account of some of the things which seem inseparable from slavery, yet you know there is no institution but is liable to be abused. Two things settled my mind: the Abolitionists are a bad, violent, blaspheming people—avowed infidels many of them, running into a thousand isms and errors. With such a people God can not be. And, then, what to do with the blacks if they were freed? But we won't talk about it, dear; there is nothing I dislike more. God will do what is right."

"Only this, Aunty—it does look so much as if men who themselves cared nothing for the Bible were using the preachers as a convenient set of tools to establish their own purposes. And I could not but think," adds Alice, after a long pause, "if the Church in the South—God's own Church—should turn out to be the chiefest instrument in defending a great wrong—"

"My darling Alice," interrupts Mrs. Sorel, nervously, and placing her hand upon the lips of her visitor, "you must permit me; please, don't. How earnest you are! Let us talk about something else. I am an old woman now. You young people belong, for what I know, to a new order of things; but you must let us old people alone in our notions. Did I tell you about Robby's fight with Charley Ellis? I would like you to see how he has grown; but he has gone fishing with Mr. Arthur—no one in the world like Mr. Arthur. And you actually did this transferring yourself—take off your collar, dear, that I may see it better. And what does your mother think of the terrible prices? Mr. Arthur insists on not having any sugar in his coffee. He thinks I must have white sugar for my tea—actually bought up the last fifty pounds in Somerville for me. But just to think: wood ten dollars a cord; meal five dollars a bushel. Not a bit of flour. Molasses four dollars, beef fifty cents, fifteen dollars for the coarsest shoes."

"I make my own, Aunty; you know how independent I am; pretty good for a first attempt, are they not?" and Alice, holding aside her skirts, puts forth the neatest of little feet.

"And Alice, dear, your mother did have to sell Charles?" Mrs. Sorel asks in the lowest of tones, gently as to a sick child.

Ah, how the bright young face at her knee clouds!

"I will tell *you*, Aunt Sorel. Ma says it is because Charles has been so insolent of late, and she has no one to control him; but we were compelled to, every thing is so very dear. I plead with her to let me sell my piano instead; she would not let me even speak of it. And such trouble we have had with Charles's wife ever since! but what could we do? And, then, she may revenge herself on us."

"Revenge herself, child?"

"You are the only person in the world I would tell," says Alice, her eyes so troubled as makes Mrs. Sorel's heart sick to see. "But I do believe Sally has given that Mrs. Warner a hint already of the—the plain way in which we have to live. What I most dread is, that Sally may tell of my making things."

"Making things, dear?"

"Making caps—those ridiculous military caps that are so much worn now. You know I can make them before ma is up in the morning, and when she supposed I was reading or writing to Rutledge in the front-yard office. They sell them at the stores for five dollars each, and pay me three. I was obliged to take Sally into my confidence to sell them; and you can't imagine what managing it has taken to keep ma and the storekeepers from knowing about *my* making them. If she knew of it I do believe it would make her seriously ill."

"And you have sold your pony, Alice?"

"Of course, Aunt Sorel; with corn so high what could I do?" But Alice's assumed gayety is not altogether a success, for Lightning Bug was a great favorite.

"No letter from Rutledge yet?" Mrs. Sorel asks after a long silence, during which she is smoothing down the long hair of Alice, seated at her knee thoughtfully.

"Not a line for months now. Oh, Aunt Sorel, we have so much trouble!" And leaning her head upon knees which have often supported her in infancy, Alice wept silently. "I do believe if it was not that I have to be cheerful and managing in order to keep ma's spirits up, I would—I do not know what would become of me!" Alice adds at last without raising her head.

It was one result of Alice's visit to Mrs. Sorel that, closeted that very night with Sally in the kitchen, she told her all. Ever since Charles had been sold Sally had been sullen, on the usual road to insolence, insubordination, the marshal called in to whip her as a last resort; only the worse for that; next the calaboose; after that disgrace a servant lost to all love or fear; always insolent, always being whipped, always running away, in some instances slipping Jamestown weed or some other poison into the family coffee-pot.

"Why, good law, Miss Alice, why didn't you tell me all dis before?" is all Sally can say for some time, her tears flowing plentifully in unison with those of her young mistress. "Ef I had only knowed it! An' I half suspicioned somethin' of de kind, you carryin' on so with them caps an' things. On'y you telled me so many little fibs, Miss Alice. Bless your soul, you know you did, an' I don't blame you a bit. I don't mind one straw 'bout Charles now. You see he don't hab to leab Somerville. Fact I'd rather your ma did sell him; he was about the lot all de time before; now he comes home on'y at night, sets more by me, an' I sets more by him for havin' him off some. Sollum fact is, I 'serve cowhidin' for not seein' it all before; an' you an' your ma, all of us, from Souf Car'lina too! All ober now," she adds, soothing Alice like a child. "You get up in de mornin' de same Miss Alice, proud-like an' strong; need nebber say 'nother word to me."

"I am glad to see that Sally has come back to her senses again," says Mrs. Bowles, profoundly ignorant of the facts of the case, as she and her daughter sit sewing together the next morning; "but it is all in the State they are from. They may talk about their old Virginia servants; at last there is all the difference in the world between even them and our South Carolina black people. As your dear father used to say, it is only in South Carolina that slavery as an institution exists in perfection."

At the moment her mother was speaking, Alice, by some singular association, was thinking of a picnic long ago in the woods, when Mr. Arthur, rolling over an old log to serve her as a seat, had pointed out to her the ants thus uncovered to the light scampering off in every direction for their lives. It happened she had just been reading aloud to her mother from the papers an account of the manner in which the planters of Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama, almost all of the Slave States, were hurrying about with their negroes from the Federals breaking in. "What the Yankees call the breaking in of the nineteenth century upon them, I suppose," said Alice to herself, singularly mingling the incident of the log and the events of the day with feelings of pleasure and pain wonderfully blended together. That Satan should put such thoughts in a heart so pure, so secluded, too, from his usual outward appliances!

"I have been thinking more than ever before in my life as I lay awake a little last night of one thing Mrs. Sorel told me," says Alice to her mother after an account, not a complete one, of her yesterday's visit.

"It is amazing about Mrs. Sorel, perfectly past my comprehension," says Mrs. Bowles, sadly. "She a South Carolinian herself, and after South Carolina had itself seceded and caused the other States to do the same! But what was it, Alice? I know Mrs. Sorel too well to suppose she would attempt to pervert your judgment—"

"She did not allude to it once, mamma. No, she was speaking of the little things that occur to one. She insists that each event of the smallest events happens to each of us by the special ordering of Heaven. That each event is of just such a kind as is best fitted to destroy what is weak or wrong in us, to qualify us to be happier, more useful to God and men here and hereafter. She says that generally even the most painful events have most influence on one in this way for good." But the last words of this Alice murmurs almost below her breath and to herself, with her eyes fastened upon the fire. "God help *me* to understand and feel and believe this all the time!" is the silent prayer of her soul.

"Mrs. Sorel is a truly pious woman, although strangely permitted to err in regard to her native country," assents Mrs. Bowles. "By-the-by, Dr. Ginnis is a member of Mr. Barker's church, I believe. I trust he will have piety to feel, under his loss last night, the truth of what Mrs. Sorel told you, but which, my dear, I have myself instructed you in long ago in reference to a Providence over us. It is my only hope in reference to Rutledge Bowles, I am sure."

"Sally came back from market by way of the place, and says his whole property there is gone, only the chimneys left," rejoins the daughter.

And this brings us back to the night before.

At the very hour in which Alice was admitting Sally into her secret, the C. C. were engaged in admitting Henry Ellis into theirs. Henry is a wounded hero, and he is hastened—no neophyte fitter for these Eleusinian mysteries than he—into that dread organization, holding midnight conclave in the upper room over Mr. Ellis's store. Though violently opposed to masonry and all secret societies heretofore, the rush of Secession swept him into the new society as into many another position from which he would before have shrunk. Is the heavy expense attendant upon his membership therein the only reason why he rather regrets the step after the first few weeks? Nor has he seemed specially pleased that Henry should be initiated into this modern *Vehme Gericht*.

Consumed with intense curiosity, we follow Henry Ellis as he enters the front-door below stairs, conducted by Tim Lamum, who bears, instead of a lighted torch in his hand, a cigar in his mouth as they grope along the darkness within. There is a tremendous oath in renunciation and denunciation of the old Union, and of intensest devotion to the Confederacy, and especially to Slavery, administered to them when inside the front-door, when at the bottom of the steps, when arrived at the top thereof; nor are they admitted into the door of the innermost arcana without a repetition of the same. And very imposing it all is therein: the members seated along the sides of the room, an elevated seat at the far end, draped with a black flag, while before it burn a certain number of candles, to signify the Confederate States; other unlighted candles among them, to indicate the deplorable condition for the present of Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland. Dr. Peel, in very remarkable attire, occupies the seat as the Glorious Calhoun, presiding. And very imposing the ceremony is when Henry Ellis has it explained to him, by the Glorious Calhoun before whom he stands, that a certain altar thereby—on which lies a Confederate flag, upon which is placed a Bible—represents that, of all nations on earth, it is the Confederacy which is truly Scriptural. In vivid proof of which the whole Scripture record of Noah's curse upon Cain is immediately enacted before him: Drunkenness of Noah—tent-scene—Shem, Ham, Japheth, and all. The effect is somewhat impaired, however, by Noah, a venerable patriarch with a white beard to his waist, to whom Ham, very black indeed, holds a candle while being duly cursed by Noah from a book.

"'Cursed be Canaan,'" reads a well-known,

frank, and honest voice, "'a servant of servants shall he be—' By George! Simmons, hold the candle nearer, can't you! 'Blessed be—' One half inch more, Simmons, and you would have set the beard on fire. If I was too drunk to stand, by George!" adds Noah, with asperity, "I'd lie down." And Ham reels away at last, the curse being endless and overwhelming, in deplorable plight.

Next Abraham, with a voice and gestures singularly like those of Brother Barker, in spite of beard and mask, reads the neophyte brought before him in another part of the room a lengthy lecture, embracing the rest of the Biblical argument for Slavery, closing with a strong intimation that as the South, in obeying the Divine command in this matter, are therefore God's peculiar people, those nations who do not do the same are under the wrath of Heaven. Shall we relate how George Washington, risen from his grave in the person of Dr. Ginnis, rehearses—in bag-wig, knee-buckles, and portentous voice—the innumerable wrongs of the North and the rights of the South? Nor shall we wholly abstain from referring to a sarcastic Eulogy upon the Union delivered by the Evil One himself, to personify whom the only alterations Tim Lamum thinks it necessary to make in himself are a tail and a pair of horns. After which the novice is instructed in all the countersigns and grips, and learns also that the mystic C. C. stand for Children of Calhoun, and also for Curse of Canaan, and the red sword to be pasted so as always to point North—but that needs no explanation.

Next follows the arrangement of certain moneyed matters relating to the widows and orphans of soldiers, in which the sums specified bear ludicrous proportion to the grandeur of their distribution.

"Children of Calhoun. Business," says Dr. Peel at last.

Whereupon, to the astonishment of Henry Ellis, the lights are put out and the conclave left in perfect darkness, during which the entire membership are evidently employed in changing their seats.

"Business!" says the Glorious Calhoun, at last.

"Glorious Calhoun!" A voice from the darkness.

"At my post!" replies that individual.

"Silas Jewet, conscript, sought for. Fled!" says the voice.

"Isaac Smith, over conscript age, but disloyal. Warned to leave. Fled!" says another voice from the other side, which Henry Ellis has heard before from the lips of Joe Staples.

"Glorious Calhoun!" from the far end of the room.

"At my post!"

"Hol Robbins, known as Catfish Robbins, exempt on account of sickness. Very seditious in language, *disappeared!*" The voice is evidently disguised. "His boy, Hark, actually fought for his master—soon settled *him*," the speaker adds, in a lower tone for the information of his near neighbors. But, after this, name after name is called out, now from one side and now from the other side of the darkness, with comment like the above. Then there is called one name more which makes most sensation of all.

"Parson Arthur!"

"Make charge!" from the presiding officer.

"Opposed to Secession from the first, and persists in his crime. Silent but influential for the Union."

"Business proposed!" from the Glorious Calhoun.

"I move he be regularly warned to leave:" the speaker carefully disguises his voice, but is loud and dogged. Whereupon rises a hubbub over the whole hall, some urging with violence, some opposing the suggestion. One voice has at last obtained the mastery; it would seem in the darkness as if its owner had mounted upon his seat.

"I tell you, fellows, you'd better not; by George, no! No man *can* regret the parson's course more'n I do; but that man has buried too many of our dead, nursed too many of our sick, married too many of our couples for that! I ain't a Christian, but I know one when I see one, and precious few they are. Parson Arthur is *not* favorable to the Confederacy, I know, but you all know he is a Christian, a Christian gentleman. We can't afford it, fellows; and, by George, we won't!"

"One word more, gentlemen"—another voice from the darkness—"I'm Henry Ellis, you may know that by my crutches, there!" and a double knock is heard upon the floor. "You all know I have been fighting for the South in Virginia. Well, for one, the man that disturbs Mr. Arthur, unless he breaks some law, has me to disturb too. I say no more!"

A vote is taken. According to the Ritual of the C. C. on any thing moved for the benefit of the Confederacy the vote is South instead of ay, and North instead of nay. On this occasion a voice in the darkness, evidently the original proposer of the motion to rid Somerville of Mr. Arthur—a thing often before done by the C. C. in the case of other obnoxious individuals, and which has landed said individuals in a clime exceedingly unlike Somerville and very far above it, or in still another place not so greatly unlike Somerville though below it—on this occasion, we say, the original voice votes South, with an emphasis which makes up for its being the only vote to that effect. Most of the C. C. do not vote at all; but enough vote North, and with emphasis of their own, too, to decide the question for Mr. Arthur's further stay in Somerville. Let it be distinctly recorded here that we do *not* assert the first-named vote to have been given by the Patriarch Abraham; for the sake of sweet St. Charity let the matter at least remain in doubt.

This matter being disposed of:

"Glorious Calhoun!" from the darkness, which, like that of Egypt, is both intense and swarming with angry spirits.

"At my post!"

"Mr. Ferguson." We all know Joe Staples's voice.

"Make charge."

"Against the revolution from the first. Bitterly against it still. Won't touch Confederate money. Won't give the least belief to any good news. Always says it's a lie."

Joe Staples, who is deeply in debt to Mr. Ferguson, has never probably read Sallust, and imitates unconsciously those of whom that historian records that they joined the conspiracy of Catiline to get rid of their indebtedness. Not Staples only, no more eager Secessionists in all the South and from the outset, and a little before, than those owing heavily, especially to Northern creditors. But—

"He ridicules all the good news," adds another voice.

"And pastes it all in a big book," contributes a third from the darkness.

"And won't give one single cent toward the war," adds a fourth.

"A cross-grained old Abolitionist, heart and soul against us!" cries still another.

"Business proposed!" from the chair as soon as the Glorious Calhoun can make himself heard.

"Frighten out of his boots!"

"And to-night, right away!"

"Those in favor will say South!" Overwhelming vote.

"Those opposed will say North!"

"North"—only one voice, Henry Ellis. "One word, men," he adds. "You all know I have fought, will fight as long as I can pull a trigger for the South; but only on the open field, and where I can see. I resign." And the speaker is hobbling on his crutches toward the door as well as he can guess at it.

"Children of Calhoun," says Dr. Peel, promptly.

"At our posts!" from the members, evidently part of the Ritual.

"Because, not fighting for the South in the field, we must work for it at home!" In full chorus, after Dr. Peel.

"Well, it's a sort of work I won't do for one. And I tell you, gentlemen, just this. I find here among all you stay-at-homes a sort of ferocity, a kind of devilish bitterness there isn't the least spark of in the army, and you know whether it fights or not. You must excuse me, your secrets are safe with me, but I am gone;" and a stumble and slam announces that the speaker has managed to find the door and leave—those nearest the door not unconscious that several seem to be leaving with him.

It is a singular fact, but from that night the C. C., notwithstanding the immense amount of work yet to be done, and the appalling oaths binding upon the organization to do it, steadily wanes to extinction. In vain Brother Barker especially exerts himself; for by his powerful appeals, not without tears, he has brought about, from outside, such an alteration as admits him and Mr. Neely and others of Northern birth. It may be the very violence of these hastens its end. Even the dullest Secessionist knows that Union men have been initiated, at least men who were once Union, and that these have been foremost in ultra propositions therein. The sincere Secessionist sees afterward how these Union men thus kept the proceedings of the C. C. fully known to all their own kind outside, and, also, by putting on too much steam from within hastened the explosion. But the genuine, sincere, Southern-born Secessionists did the Northern-born members of the C. C. great injustice when they afterward charged the same treachery upon these.

"For one, gentlemen, I am firmly persuaded," said Captain Simmons, afterward, "that there was not a Yankee Secessionist in all the South, whoever he was, and whatever he said or did as editor, private, general, quarter-master, mere citizen, or what not, but went into Secession, and acted as he did during it with the full though secret determination thereby to defeat Secession and overthrow Slavery. In fact, gentlemen," continued Captain Simmons, with a firm grasp upon the pillar of the porch in front of Staples's Hotel, peculiarly dignified because particularly drunk: "'I have become fully satisfied that Secession was got up and carried through by Yankees, South and North, expressly to procure the destruction of Slavery and the triumph of the North over the South. Hypocrites, gentlemen, every soul of them. Their bended eyes salute the skies, their lifted knees the ground, as the hymn has it; abhorrence of such was among the deepest sentiments instilled into me by parents now saints in heaven, where one day I hope to rejoin them. This whole thing has convinced my mind, gentlemen," adds the Captain, with a wave of his left hand, "being a Southern-born man myself I am none the less free to say it, that the Yankees are what they claim to be—the smartest people on this planet. None the less does my soul loathe them; to the last degree are they offensive to me."

Whether any of said Yankees who afterward claimed any thing of all this for themselves individually spake truth or not who can say? Oh if we could but read the heart! Alas! he who pens these lines can not read his own. Enough for us that He who has the final settlement of all things *can*.

"Secret and Special Committee of Three will meet here to-morrow night at twelve. Be vigilant, Children of Calhoun, much and great work remains to be done." This from the chair, after the candles have been again lighted.

"France, what from you?" The editor, Lamum, who is thus addressed, sitting in his place under that flag, is silent.

"England, what from you?" Jem Budd, gunsmith, seated opposite France, under the Cross of St. George, is compelled, by the painful facts of the case, to remain silent.

"Ourselves," says Dr. Peel, with enthusiasm, rising from his seat broad and jeweled as midnight, "what from us?"

"Rappahannock!" prompt and loud from the whole C. C.

A fervent prayer from Brother Barker in closing, as there had been one from the same source in opening, and, with certain mystical signs gone through, the C. C. adjourn. A Federal Flag being first spread before the door, each of the C. C. in passing out tramples it under foot, stamping and grinding their heels and spitting upon it in a manner in strict conformity with the Ritual and the feelings of—some of them. Only let it here be written that the faculty of dissembling in some men, and during some epochs, is vigorous beyond all estimation.

"Oh yes, do what you please to old Ferguson!" is heard in the noise of departure. "We are at *war*, by George! We've got into this muss, and all we've got to do is to fight out of it if we can. But not Parson Arthur, by George! not the parson—"

SIR RALPH'S HERIOT.

A LANCASHIRE TRADITION.

IN the "good old times"—that far-off period which so many people talk and read about with pleasure, but to which so few, if any, would like to return—Ashton was the seat of the Ashton, or Assheton, family. A Sir John Assheton, in the fifth year of the Sixth Henry, became possessed of the Manor of Assheton on payment of one penny annually. This worthy knight is said to have built the old church, and to have been the first to introduce seats for the common people. With a gallantry which adds fresh lustre to his spurs, the number of these seats being limited, they were given to the women—the tenants' wives and daughters.

Sir John was succeeded by his son Sir Ralph, who earned for himself the unenviable title of the Black Knight. It is supposed that the annual ceremony observed at Ashton on Easter Monday, of "Riding the Black Lad," simply commemorates the popular odium in which Sir Ralph was held; this custom bearing a close resemblance to the "Guy Fawkes" proceeding of November the 5th.

Sir Ralph was feared and hated by his tenantry. He was permitted, by royal letters patent, to execute supreme jurisdiction, and he misused his trust.

One of the most oppressive forms of taxation, originating in the feudal age, but perpetuated long afterward, was the custom of *heriotship*. This was neither more nor less than a fine for dying. A certain claim could be, and was, made by the lord of the manor on the property of the deceased tenant, and it fell with great severity on widows in humble circumstances. Death laid low the bread-winner, and the landlord stepped in to take away best part of the scanty store the dead man had scraped together.

There was, so says tradition, a poor widow near Ashton. Her husband had held his little farm under Sir Ralph Ashton, one of the most rapacious and cruel of men. The character borne by Sir Ralph was worthy of the old doggerel which set forth public opinion with regard to him—

"Oh, Jesu! for thy mercy's sake,
And for thy bitter passion,
Save us from the axe of the Tower,
And from Sir Ralph of Ashton!"

He spared neither age nor sex; he had no pity for the sick or the dying; he showed no mercy to the widow and the orphan; wherever his shadow fell trouble came; wherever his voice was heard, weeping and wailing were not far off. When Sir Ralph heard that his tenant was dead, he sent an imperative order, commanding that the heriot should be paid without delay. Now the widow had nothing with which she could satisfy his claim except one cow, and the cow was the chief sustenance of her family. The widow had four children to feed—one of them an infant not many weeks old, the eldest an idiot boy, harmless, but useless, strong and active, and about fourteen years old. This poor lad, tenderly beloved of his mother, was to her more trouble than all the rest.

It was a sad scene which the widow's home presented on the Christmas morning of 1484. Sharp, cold weather—weather unusually severe, the country for miles around covered with snow; the rivers and streams bound in icy fetters; the bleak wind sweeping and moaning through the forest and over the waste, as if it were chanting a Lenten dirge rather than singing a Yule carol. Cold outside the miserable home of the poor widow, and colder within, she and her children had taken a little milk and eaten a little porridge, and they sat huddled together over a few red embers on the hearth. The idiot boy was singing softly to himself, and winking his horny eyes at the fire; the other children were all unwittingly making their sorrowful mother still sadder. "Was it not Christmas? then why not have holly like they did last year—eh, mother? Why not have a Christmas fire—we *should* like Christmas fire, mother? And how long will it be before father comes home, and shall we have Christmas fire to-day, and see the holly, and sing as we sang last Yule-tide?" The cow lowed from her crib, separated only from the family by a slight partition, and the sound the poor beast made only served to deepen the misery of its poor mistress. The Black Knight of Ashton claimed the cow for his heriot, and if he took her there was only death for them.

Suddenly the door, which had been closed, was flung open, and Sir Ralph Ashton looked in—a tall, squarely built man, with sinewy limbs, and a great quantity of dark hair on head, and lips, and cheeks, and chin. His eyes glowed like fire, and there was a scowl on his face that betokened a storm.

Harsh, hard, fierce, and cruel were his words. He had himself come to claim his own, and he would have it; the heriot was his, the cow was his, none should deprive him of his rights. Mercy! it was not in his bond. Leniency, delay! nothing was said of either in his feudal charter. Charity, for the sake of Him whose feast they kept that day! Sir Ralph laughed his own harsh laugh, and said he had no time for fooling. So a couple of fellows, who had accompanied Sir Ralph, drove out the poor beast from the shed, and the knight, with a threat of expelling the family from their miserable hut, turned to depart. It was the idiot who stopped him—

"Beest thou our liege lord?"

"Ay, fool; what hast thy pert tongue to say to that?"

"The liege lord will die, mother—will he die?"

"Hush, boy, hush!" said the widow.

"Nay, let the brat speak out. What of it, boy—what if I should die?"

"Then thy liege lord will claim heriot."

"And who may he be?"

"Old Hornie—Beelzebub!"

"And what heriot should I pay to him?" roared the knight, half angry, half amused.

"Thy soul."

"And thy body shall smart for it, imbecile!"

"Oh, ha' pity, ha' pity—the lad's daft!" and the widow threw herself before the knight, who roughly spurned her with his foot.

"Enough of this. All of you shall suffer for this. There, no whimpering." He strode away across the snow, and never once looked back.

* * * * * *

There were strange doings that night at Ashton Hall. It was rough weather—snowing hard and freezing hard; but the company was still numerous, for when the lord of Ashton dispensed his good cheer woe to those tenants who slighted his hospitality! A huge fire was kindled on the broad hearth, but it gave forth no bright and cheerful light; it sputtered, and could not be made to blaze. The air was damp and chilly; the wassail seemed to have lost its flavor, and the Christmas plants looked shriveled on the walls. The guests spoke in low whispers, and affected the fire rather than engage in any merry-making sports; the minstrels, in their little oaken gallery, rubbed their benumbed hands, and felt oppressed. There was good cheer; there were mummers in quaint devices of all sorts, hobby-horses, and what not; but there was no mirth.

About six in the afternoon Sir Ralph came into the hall and glanced angrily round upon his guests, and his indignation broke out in a storm of reproach. Was his bounty to be churlishly received by his own hinds? Had John the Slater, and Roger the Miller, and Jack the Woodman, and Hobbe o' the Leghes, come there to a feast or a funeral? Were blindman's-buff, hot cockles, and bob-apple, too poor sport for these gentry? Was not the Christmas-pie large enough or good enough for their tastes? By his halidome it should go hard but he would teach them better manners!

While the angry knight was thus addressing his guests—guests who stood appalled before him—one of the mummers, a little fellow, clad in black, with a mask having horns, and, besides, a long tail with a fluke to it, cautiously crept out of the group, and stealing unperceived behind the angry host, seized him by his cloak, and tripped him on the floor. Sir Ralph had never in his whole life been so humiliated. Every face about him turned white at the spectacle. He regained his feet in an instant, and catching up a stout oaken cudgel, dealt about him with no weak hand. The guests flew before him in dismay, and were chased round and round the hall in the utmost confusion. Some fell, some escaped into the open air; but the black mummer neither fell nor fled. He was, or rather seemed to be, every where at once. He was safely in a corner one moment, and Sir Ralph was making sure of him, when out and away was he, dextrously diving and running between the knight's legs, perhaps upsetting him, perhaps, for an instant, leaping on his back—here, there, every where, making the hall ring with his shrill laughter.

At last no more than a dozen of the guests remained, with the exception of those who were badly hurt and lay groaning on the floor. Sir Ralph paused to take breath and look about him. There, in the music-gallery, with his legs hanging over the front, sat the black mummer, swaying his body to and fro, and laughing as if he was a witness of the drollest affair he had ever seen in his life.

"Pull down the rogue!" called out Sir Ralph. "Guard the stair. Some of you seize him. By the Rood, he shall pay for his sport!" The figure leaped from the gallery, and stood face to face with the knight. Sir Ralph raised his cudgel and aimed a stout blow, but the knave avoided it. Again Sir Ralph strove to strike, with the same result. Then, in a shrill voice, heard distinctly over the hall, the black figure cried:

"The heriot! the heriot! Sir Ralph, I came to tell thee thy liege lord would take his heriot at Easter." And with these words and a diabolical laugh the figure vanished.

Sir Ralph hastily quitted the hall. He was troubled. Hurriedly he sent for his priest. What passed between them is unknown. Next morning the widow's cow was returned to her; in the course of the day assistance was sent to her from Sir Ralph's almonry. He became charitable. He was attentive to his religious duties. He forbade any allusion to what had occurred on Christmas night; but as the year advanced he was noticed to change in other respects: he became weak, the rigorous fast of Lent told on him, and at Easter he died.

Such is the popular tradition of the Black Knight of Ashton. It is related by various authorities with different embellishments, and its explanation is sometimes supernatural, and occasionally the reverse. Who was the strange visitor—the black mummer, with his quaint antics and dreadful message? The Evil One, say some; a "Boggart" full of mischief, say others; only a few incline to the opinion which to us appears the most probable—namely, that the mummer was no other than the idiot boy—witless enough, but not so "daft" as to be incapable of the concoction and execution of an ingenious trick—mad enough, doubtless, but with "method in his madness."

VIEW OF SHOCKOE CREEK VALLEY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—Sketched by J. R. Hamilton.—[See Page 292.]

COTTON TEAM IN NORTH CAROLINA.—[Drawn by Edwin Forbes.]

A STRAY LETTER.

SWEET coz, I really meant to write,
  In answer to your last,
A week ago this very night;
  Dear me, how time has passed!
You see I've been so busy, love—
  And now you know the reason
Of my neglect—from morn till night
  Preparing for the season.

Mamma and I together shopped
  For one whole week and more,
And all day long we never stopped,
  But went from store to store
All through Broadway, both up and down,
  On either side the street;
And oh, such patterns! I declare
  None ever were so sweet.

We bought, dear me! now let me see,
  Twelve dresses for Mamma;
And for myself just twenty-three—
  You should have heard Papa
Go on about the bills, he talked
  Like one bereft of reason,
As if we both could live without
  Our wardrobes for the season.

Oh dear! the men are heartless quite;
  I fear my heart will break.
To think, sweet coz, I lay last night
  One whole long hour awake—
For oh, to hear Pa talk such stuff,
  And prophecy distresses;
I vow I haven't half enough
  With fifty different dresses!

I feel so tired, so very tired
  With working hard all day,
I fear I sha'n't make out to write
  The half I've got to say.
I never sew, good gracious! no,
  I leave that to Miss Prink—
But then it is such weary work
  To have to sit and think.

To think what buttons, white or brown,
  For this dress and for that,
What sort of trimming will look best,
  What flowers for your hat.
And then to-day I've wound four skeins,
  And one of them was double,
While all required the nicest pains,
  And gave me so much trouble!

And, oh, the trying on, it's worse
  Than all the rest beside!
This neck is high, this waist too short,
  This sleeve a trifle wide.
I'm like a martyr at the stake,
  Alas! it's no use sighing;
I'd rather sit all day and make
  Than be forever trying.

To think a whole week has gone by
  Since I received a call,
For we're so busy, Ma and I,
  We don't receive at all.
I'm almost dying, too, to know
  About my friends the Chases,
What goods they bought, we met, at least,
  In fifty different places.

Of satins, silks, delaines, barege,
  My brain is always teeming,
Of tarltons, poplins, muslins, tulle
  I am forever dreaming.
In visions through the night I see
  All round me cherub faces,
With wings of gauze, look out and smile
  From clouds composed of laces.

The clock's at twelve, my ormolu,
  Its silvery stroke I hear;
And now, sweet coz, I'll say adieu,
  A thousand kisses, dear.
Ma chère amie, I've nothing more
  Particular to tell,
So for the present *au revoir*,
  From yours sincerely—BELLE.

OUR MAY-DAY FESTIVAL.

I.

DECIDEDLY, I had the blues.

If I knew a nicer word I would use it; but there is no other word that will express the exact state of the case. It includes *ennui* in the direct degree, with a superaddition of mild hysterics. But every body knows what the word means.

I stood by a window in the reception-room (our house is an English basement, with the front-door on a level with the sidewalk), looking out upon the wet street. It was the first of May, and the skies were dark and gloomy, and the trees drip, drip, dripping in the most lugubrious and unhappy way. The broad and polished panes were cold and damp, and I wrote words on their humid surface—such words as were running through my mind at the moment—and my own name, "Sabine Brainard," and that of another person, "Orville Clark"—the last the oftenest. But even his name did not dissipate my wretched feelings.

"Oh dear!" I cried, turning away from the window, and going to a table whose marble surface bore a vase of brilliant hot-house flowers, that gave me a fragrant greeting as I bent over them—"how I do wish I lived in the country!"

"In the country, dear?" said my mother, who had just come in with the flowers; "sighing for the country on such a rainy day?"

"I don't believe it rains in the country," I said, pettishly, as I hid my face among roses and azaleas and lemon blooms; "it wouldn't rain in the country on May-day, I'm sure. And Clara Clark writes in her letter such a glowing account of the festivities that are to be held to-day in the grove near their house. They are going to have a Queen of the May, and a May-pole, with songs and garlands and fresh outdoor flowers—not such dainty, delicate blooms as these, which die almost while one breathes their incense."

"You are out of spirits, dear. You danced too much last night. Get an interesting book, and forget the rain for a little while. There will be callers soon, no doubt."

"No one will call on such a day," said I, "and I don't want to see them if they do. And I have been reading all the morning besides, and I am tired of books. I am tired of every thing. I am tired of life; there!"

With this I actually burst into tears, and went back to the window to gaze into the gloomy street—a proceeding not calculated to work a speedy cure of my distress—*similia similibus curantur* to the contrary notwithstanding.

"You foolish child!" said mother, caressingly, putting her arm about my waist.

"I know it is foolish," said I, "but how can I help it? I wish I could, with all my heart. I would rather have a toothache."

At this juncture a smile suddenly drove the gloom out of my face, though the tears still stood in my eyes, and I nodded cheerfully to a young man who entered at the gate and touched his hat to us under his umbrella.

"There is Orville Clark!" I exclaimed, "and he saw me crying! What will he think?"

"Oh, ye tears!" ejaculated Orville, in his gay fashion, as he entered the room. "What's the matter, Sabine? You look quite interesting, but not very happy. What is it?"

"Did you see me cry?" I asked, most superfluously, and a little ashamed.

"I did; and when that sunny smile sent its light over your face, while your eyes still sparkled with tears, what do you suppose I thought of?"

"A great baby, I suppose."

"Oh, *méchancété!* No! Sunshine breaking over a meadow after an April shower, while the pearly drops still glittered on the blades of grass."

"One might know you were a poet," said I.

"Say rather one might know I was 'raised' on a farm. But you forget to tell me what the matter was. Or mustn't I know?"

"Oh, nothing is the matter, except that horrid malady they call the blues. And I was sighing for the country too. I got a letter from Clara this morning, with a glowing picture of a May-day festival in the grove at Beverley; and when I thought of the pleasures of that scene, and contrasted it with this dismal, foggy day, it made me feel as if—as if I—and besides, I was lonesome, and it is real good of you, Orville, to come in on such a horrid day."

"You're a queer puss," said he, in his odd way, "the strangest combination of woman and little girl I ever knew—beg pardon for saying so—and the sweetest. I came on an errand."

"But you were not at Mrs. Delmon's last night; and I thought you had gone home on a visit so as to be at that very Maying in the woods."

"I had another engagement last night. But as to going a-Maying, my errand this morning is to ask you to go to a May-day festival this afternoon."

"Oh, where?" I cried, in delight.

"That's a mystery. I know nothing further than that the party is to meet at three o'clock at Beaujour's; but whither to proceed is the mysterious point. In fact the whole thing is a surprise; and there's something very odd about it every way. The invitations are the greatest curiosity of the season; and not only that, they were delivered in a most unprecedented style. Colonel Frank Rothsay goes galloping about the city in the rain with the notes, on that black horse of his, and wearing that old blue over-coat that has got I don't know how many bullet-holes in it."

While speaking he handed me the note of invitation. It was written in a graceful, delicate hand—evidently a lady's—and read as follows:

"Mr. Orville Clark is invited to provide himself with a lady companion and two or more well-stored picnic baskets, and to rendezvous at Beaujour's Assembly Rooms at three o'clock P.M. to-day, prepared to participate in a glorious May-day festival.

"Ladies are requested to wear plain, serviceable attire. Our motto to-day is, Downright Enjoyment—not Dress."

"Was there ever such an odd thing?" said I. "What can it mean?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," said Orville. "Rothsay handed that to me on the street, and bade me read and accept on the spot; and I did as I was bid. 'Full baskets, remember!' he sang out, as he rode off. 'And never mind the rain.'"

"Whatever it is," said mother, "it is sure to be genteel, with Colonel Rothsay delivering the invitations in person."

"You will go, Sabine?" asked Orville.

"Yes."

"And don't take your blues along," said he.

I laughed. "I think they are gone already," said I.

"Not to Beaujour's, I hope!" he exclaimed, in pretended dismay.

II.

EVERY BODY knows Beaujour's Assembly Rooms—where that graceful Monsieur teaches the young idea how to behave. The dancing-master was not in attendance on the occasion I am telling about, however. He had surrendered his rooms into other hands.

You should have seen the curiosity painted on every face in the gathering of wealth and fashion which thronged the small ante-rooms at Beaujour's that afternoon about 3 o'clock. The *crème de la crème* of our best society was represented there; not a lady or gentleman over thirty, not one that was not the representative of very considerable wealth. Despite the injunction to plain attire, there was a certain subdued but evident degree of display, that showed how completely mystified all were—how determined not to be caught in the trap of that odd invitation billet, if it were a trap. Most of these May-day merry-makers had a lurking suspicion that there was a good deal more in the affair than those billets promised. And indeed there was; but how little they dreamed *what!*

Colonel Frank Rothsay and his tall and beautiful sister Blanche—a prominent belle—acted as hosts on the occasion, and received us with the heartiest cordiality, and an absence of ceremony that promised every thing delightful. They, at least, were dressed with the greatest plainness. In response to the numerous and eager inquiries launched at them by the guests, they vouchsafed no better response than "Wait and see."

As for the "well-stored picnic baskets," Orville declared that no country picnic ever saw such a collection since picnics were. Huge hampers came up the stairs on the backs of servants, and disappeared into the long dancing-hall, where no one was allowed to peep on any pretext. Not till the company had all arrived, and the carriages had been dismissed with injunctions to call at six, were the doors thrown open. Then the throng was admitted to the hall.

Though the little ante-rooms had seemed so crowded, there was but a small party after all when they had passed into the hall—only about a score, all told. We found a long, rude table, improvised of boards and carpenter's "horses" (I think they call them), but covered with the finest and whitest cloths. At one end of the hall the baskets of provisions were gathered.

"Now, then, ladies and gentlemen," sang out Colonel Rothsay, rapping the table to procure silence, "our fun is before us. We have this table to set with our own hands, after the orthodox custom of May-day merry-makings in the country. *Our* guests will arrive at five o'clock, and by that time all must be ready. So to work!"

There was a buzz of surprise and wonderment in the room.

"What *does* it mean?" I asked Orville.

"Blessed if I know," was his answer.

But when Colonel Rothsay coolly proceeded to take off his coat, and fell to unpacking one of the biggest hampers, while his sister, pinning back her skirts and baring her white arms, received the contents from his hands and began to arrange them on the long table, we all followed suit, with a deal of laughter and merriment.

Such a splendid "spread" (as Orville said) as that table presented after an hour's labor on the part of these chattering workers! There was every thing to tempt the appetite, and the greatest profusion of it too. Whole roast turkeys, chickens, and game; a profusion of buttered biscuits and rolls; tureens of raw oysters; vases of celery; cakes and sweetmeats without stint. And, besides, there were vases filled with the choicest hot-house flowers, standing at intervals along the table, and loading the air with their perfume. I confess I was proud of the share *I* had had in producing this elegant collation.

By five o'clock the work was all done; and meantime the sounds of footsteps in the ante-rooms told that our mysterious guests were gathering. Blanche Rothsay was out there receiving them; but there was no communication allowed. The door was locked and the key in Colonel Rothsay's pocket, so that no curious eyes should solve the mystery in advance. Curiosity was on the *qui vive* now more than ever.

"Well, we are all ready, I believe," said the Colonel, at last. "Allow me now to station you at proper points along the table: You are to serve as waiters for this occasion only; and while I thank you all very much for your confidence in my discretion, and your obedience to my will thus far, I will add that the moment approaches when your refinement, breeding, and generosity of spirit are to be put to the strongest test."

So, when we had all been placed behind chairs at proper intervals, the door was thrown open, and in came the guests, escorted by Blanche Rothsay, her black eyes sparkling with animation.

You should have seen the eyes of this astonished company of genteel table-waiters as there came filing into the room a decorous procession of women and children in humble attire, themselves as large-eyed at the sight before them as were their entertainers; for this roguish Frank Rothsay had kept them in the dark too as to the precise nature of the entertainment to which they were invited. Colonel Rothsay, acting as head-waiter, superintended the seating of the guests, at least a hundred in number, and then once more he addressed us.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "you are standing in the presence of the widows and children of men who have fallen in the rebellion. They have accepted my invitation, extended in your behalf, to partake of this May-day feast. I confess that my own breast swells with pride and emotion, as I look upon these faces, and feel that all who sit here have known what it is to suffer for their country. They have not shed their blood in battle, but they have given those who were dearer to them than life, and I look upon them as no less heroic than those brave men who shouldered their muskets and went out to face the foe. I am proud of *my* relation to these guests this hour, and I know that all your hearts will beat in unison with mine."

A brisk pattering of applauding palms from the table-waiters greeted this little speech; and then the Colonel, addressing the guests, added,

"And now, my friends, we serve you."

They were a little timid at first, and accepted the good things pressed upon them half shrinkingly, yet with deep gratitude in their eyes. But there was no resisting the genial influence of the hour; the timidity all wore off, and the poor creatures ate of the feast with a relish that did our souls good.

It was a scene I never shall forget as long as I live; and more than once I found the tears welling into my foolish eyes—but not *such* tears as those petulant drops that Orville Clark beheld in the morning, and of which I now felt heartily ashamed.

When the guests had finished their repast, Colonel Rothsay had another speech to make:

"What remains of the dinner," said he—"and there is an abundance left, I am glad to see—is to be given to our friends, to take home with them. For my part, I have resolved to add to the gift dishes, baskets, and all. But I presume some of you—not knowing the nature of the occasion—have sent dishes, silverware, and so forth, that may possess a family value. I would request that all such be set apart, and the rest be distributed among our friends. We can not give them too much; and the more we give the better we shall feel to-morrow, and the pleasanter this merry-making will be to remember as long as we live."

"Mr. Head-waiter," said Orville Clark, "I propose that we carry the thing a little farther. Here is a ten-dollar bill—the price of a ball ticket—which I offer as the bottom of a pile, to be covered by the gentlemen present."

He put it on a plate, and passed it around. It was speedily covered. Charley Nash (you know what a beau he is in society—I never before thought he had a soul above a valse—but he is immensely wealthy) put a hundred-dollar bill on the pile; and, in all, over three hundred dollars were raised.

"Can't *we* give any thing?" said I to Orville.

"Certainly," said he, "whatever you like."

So I put my diamond ring on the pile of bills. Several of the other ladies followed the example, amidst a great deal of laughter; and I do believe our jewelry mounted up to more than the gentlemen's money.

On the way home, that happy May-night, Orville whispered, as he took my hand in his:

"Your diamond is gone, Sabine. Will you let me give you *another?*"

The words might have meant little in themselves, but the look and tone which sent them deep down into my happy heart thrilled me with joy, and I murmured "Yes."

"And are your bad spirits quite exorcised?" he asked.

"Quite," said I. "And never in my life have I known so happy a May-day as this has been."

I shall be twenty next December, and we are to be married then.

TOO LATE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

AY, I saw her, we have met—
  Married eyes how sweet they be!
Are you happier, Margaret,
  Than you might have been with me?
Silence! make no more ado!—
  Did she think I should forget?
Matters nothing, though I knew,
  Margaret, Margaret!

Once those eyes, full sweet, full shy,
  Told a certain thing to mine;
What they told me I put by,
  Oh, so careless of the sign.
Such an easy thing to take
  And I did not want it then;
Fool! I wish my heart would break,
  Scorn is hard on hearts of men.

Scorn of self is bitter work,
  Each of us has felt it now,
Bluest skies she counted mirk,
  Self-betrayed of eyes and brow;
As for me, I went my way,
  And a better man drew nigh,
Fain to earn, with long essay,
  What the winner's hand threw by.

Matters not in deserts old
  What was born, and waxed, and yearned,
Year to year its meaning told,
  I am come—its deeps are learned—
Come, but there is naught to say—
  Married eyes with mine have met.
Silence! oh, I had my day,
  Margaret, Margaret!

A DAY'S SHOOTING IN MAY.

MR. B. FRANKLIN BERJARVIS is a young man and a job printer—somewhere in Pearl Street, if I am not misinformed. He recently married a wife, as all young men and job printers ought to do if they can; and for some months past has "kept house" in Williamsburg. His mother lives with him. Now it happened to a certain third cousin of Mr. Berjarvis's mother that in his old age he died; and this third cousin had lived, in a style befitting his wealth, in the village of ——, in a neighboring State. Mr. Berjarvis's mother, wishing to manifest her respect for the dead, desired her son to go to the funeral at ——, since she did not feel able to go herself. Mr. B. complied with the request. It was beautiful May weather, and a jaunt countryward by no means a disagreeable thing to endure.

At the funeral who should Mr. Berjarvis behold but his long-time acquaintance and fellow-citizen, Mr. Wooster Booksmith? Mr. Booksmith is chief accountant in the well-known wholesale cloth-house of Overhill and Hammond, northeast corner of Duane and Church streets. Besides being a skillful book-keeper he is an enthusiastic disciple of Audubon. Natural history is his pet hobby, and has been from boyhood. He has a fine collection of pin-impaled bugs in glass cases at his house in Williamsburg, together with several zoological specimens in an inanimate stuffed condition, and bearing such labels as "Arctomys Ludovicianus: Prairie Dog"—"Strix flammen: Barn Owl"—"Procyon Lotor: Raccoon"—etc., etc. Berjarvis had often been over Booksmith's little museum, and took quite a neighborly pride in it.

As soon as opportunity permitted the friends came together and exchanged salutations.

"Why, Berjarvis!"

"What, Booksmith!"

"What you doing here, old fellow?"

"Why, the old gentleman was a third cousin of my mother's. She wanted me to come, and I came."

"Precisely my case—only the relationship is on my wife's side; and as she was so anxious I should show respect for her grand-uncle, of course I couldn't resist—especially as the country is so delightful to visit just now, eh?"

"Just so. Exactly. Found any new bugs?"

"Not yet, though I've come across a rather interesting specimen of the familiar œstrus bovis, which I'll show you after the funeral. But I mean to go out on an excursion in the woods and fields to-morrow. Will you go along?"

"All right. I want to do a little shooting now I'm out here."

"Shooting? Pooh!"

But so the engagement was made.

The next day our friends hired a horse and buggy at a livery stable in the village and started for the green regions.

"You haven't any gun?" said Booksmith.

"Oh no; 'twouldn't be just the thing to bring your gun along when you come to a funeral, you know. Besides, I haven't got any gun to bring. The fact is, I am not much of a sportsman anyhow. But I brought my revolver. It's in my coat-pocket. And then there's Carlo, you know."

"Who's Carlo?"

"Why, my dog. Don't you know Carlo? There he is, running along by the fence. I don't know what breed he is—"

"Not a pure breed, I should say," broke in Booksmith, anxious to air his erudition; "a cross, recrossed indefinitely, I should say. By his ears a spaniel, canis extrarius; by his nose, more of a bull-dog; by his tail, a Siberian. Remarkably fine tail that."

"It *is* a handsome tail," said Berjarvis, gratified at this testimony from science, and gazing with a new interest on the fine bushy tail that curled, high and graceful, over Carlo's back. "A decidedly handsome tail. I bought him principally on account of his tail. Mrs. Berjarvis says it's a perfect poem of a tail—and *she* knows what poetry is. But that's neither here nor there. As I was saying, the dog's breed is a matter of question; but there is something about him that seems to me to indicate reserved powers in the way of pointing. You see how he runs along, always putting his nose to something or other and sniffing it. If that isn't an indication of a hunting-dog what is?"

"But see here, Berjarvis," said Booksmith, who has a great horror of fire-arms," are you sure that pistol is entirely safe? You say you're not used to shooting."

"Well, I guess I can handle a revolver," said Berjarvis, with some hauteur. "I am not *wholly* an ignoramus with regard to the hunt, Booksmith. I have shot off a pistol fifty times. I have also shot off guns in shooting-galleries very frequently, and I call myself a good marksman, though I say it that shouldn't. I seldom miss the bull's eye, I assure you. When I say I am not much of a sportsman, I mean I am not familiar with game, and in fact never shot any thing in the woods in my life. But that is only for want of practice. Can you shoot?"

"No, I never shoot."

"Well, now," and Berjarvis drew from a cavernous receptacle in the side of his coat a huge navy revolver, "this pistol—"

"Good Heavens! What a monster!" cried Booksmith.

"Just the thing to hunt with," said Berjarvis, calmly. "Why, that pistol carries a ball that would knock over a grizzly bear. It would nearly shoot a monkey's head right off his shoulders."

Mr. Booksmith looked at the formidable weapon with great apparent respect; but he was manifestly relieved when Berjarvis put it back in his pocket.

They rode on for some time, conversing on various topics born of the hour and the scene—its verdant fields, its rippling brooks, its woody hillsides, its broad, pure, balmy atmosphere. They passed bright orchards which saluted them with delicious blossom-odors, rumbled over rustic bridges, and at last drew up at a quiet-looking red farm-house, back of which, half a mile across the fields, was a promising stretch of woodland.

A farmer in a flannel shirt, and with his pantaloons tucked in his boot-legs, came to the gate to see what the strangers wanted.

"Good-mornin'," said the farmer.

"Morning, Sir," said Berjarvis, who being fluent of speech took upon himself the office of spokesman as his patent right. "We want to leave our horse in your care a while, if you please, while we stroll over into those woods yonder. You will give the horse something to eat if he needs it—does a horse need any thing at this time o' day, Booksmith?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, *you* know what he needs, friend" (to the farmer). "We'll pay you for your trouble when we return from the woods."

"Goin' into the woods?" said the farmer man, with a look of profound curiosity. "What for?"

"Why, you see," said Berjarvis, good-naturedly, while he winked at Booksmith, "my friend here is a naturalist, and I am a disciple of Nimrod, and he is going out to search for bugs and things, and I am going to see what I can find in the way of game."

"Oh, you're a disciple of ramrod, eh? Where's your gun?"

"I brought along nothing but my pistol," explained Berjarvis. "We are from New York, and only out for a day's shooting."

"And your friend's a natural, is he?" said the farmer, looking compassionately at Booksmith. "Poor feller! Now he looks as ef he knowed as much as you or me. Hunts for bugs, eh? Does he eat 'em, or what does he do with 'em?"

"Oh, ha! ha! ha! You misunderstand me, my friend. Not a natural—a natural-*ist*. Quite a different thing, I assure you. He collects bugs in a scientific way, and sticks them on pins in glass cases for preservation."

"Oh, that's it! Wa'al, I'll 'tend to your hoss for ye. I s'pose you won't be back right off, and I'll give him a bite about noon-time."

"Yes, do. And see here, Booksmith, hadn't we better come back and dine here?—that is, provided our friend won't object to turning his house into a hotel to that extent." And the courteous printer looked inquiringly at the farmer.

"That's all right," said the honest yeoman, "I'll have th' old woman cook a couple o' chicken for ye."

"Prime!" said Berjarvis, smacking his lips in anticipation of the glorious appetite he should bring in from the hunt. By-the-way, though, what game have you in these woods? You see I'm not much used to this section. Most of my shooting has been done in York State."

York city, he would have said, had he deemed it important to be precise.

"Wa'al, I don' know's there's much of any thin' wo'th shutin' now 'round here, 'thout it is squirrels."

"Sciuris vulgaris," interjected Booksmith, tired of holding his tongue.

"Wa'al, that's fer *you* to say," said the farmer, catching the sound of 'vulgar,' and guessing the rest. "Gray squirrels is tol'ble eatin'."

Berjarvis whistled to his dog.

"'S that your dog?" said the farmer.

"Yes."

"Proper fine tail he's got, hain't he?"

"Yes, a good tail—and a good eye, eh?"

"Wa'al, I don' know much 'bout dogs anyhow," said the non-commital farmer. "But his tail is a beauty."

With this the farmer drove off with the horse.

The sportsmen got over a fence and started for the woods, accompanied by Carlo, frisky and given to smelling at all sorts of objects.

"I tell you what it is," said his proud owner, "if there's a gray squirrel in those woods that dog will unearth him."

Booksmith was musing deeply, and he did not make any response touching the improbability of a gray squirrel's needing to be unearthed.

"See here, Berjarvis," said he, gravely, "do you think it is just right to shoot gray squirrels in May?"

"Why not?" said the other.

"Why, don't you know they are attending to their little families about this time? Their young are taken care of and fed by the parents till they are four or five weeks old; and in this latitude they can't be more than a few days old by this time, I should say. How would you feel to know that you had shot the father or mother of an interesting little family of squirrels unable to provide for themselves?"

"Oh, if you put it on humanitarian grounds," argued Berjarvis, "I don't know as it would be right to shoot a squirrel at any time of the year—or, in fact, any thing else. But I'm not so soft as that comes to. I wouldn't shoot a harmless little bird, as I know of, unless it was a *very* tempting mark; but a squirrel is different. And seems to me I've heard that squirrels suck birds' eggs, and kill the little ones. Who wouldn't shoot such a marauding villain?"

"The gray squirrel, Berjarvis—sciurus migratorius—has no such bad habits. You've no excuse at all for shooting at the harmless little fellow."

"Oh, don't preach, Booksmith! Don't spoil a fellow's fun, when it's ten to one whether I get a shot at any thing anyhow. Don't you run bugs and butterflies through with pins like a butcher? Which is worst?"

"That is different, Berjarvis," was the calm reply. "We may do that in the interest of science which it would be wrong to do out of mere sport."

"Ha! what's that?" cried Berjarvis, excitedly, drawing and cocking his big revolver.

They had reached the wood, and the keen eye of the sportsman had detected a little striped fellow running along the rail fence, cheeping like a juvenile chicken. At the sound of the hunter's voice it shot out of sight like a flash.

"That was a ground squirrel—tamias striatus—commonly called a chipmunk. You wouldn't shoot a chipmunk, I hope? It isn't a squirrel proper anyhow. Its food is not good to eat, and it is as harmless as a dove—yes, Sir, as a dove. Whatever you do, Berjarvis, don't shoot a chipmunk."

"Oh, bother! Now, Booksmith, you go to catching bugs if you want to, and leave me and Carlo to our sport (But where *is* the dog? Carlo! Carlo! Ah, there he goes!) Now you stick to your bugs—there's a good fellow!"

"Hist!" uttered Booksmith, eagerly, laying his hand on his friend's arm; "there's a beautiful specimen! See him?" And Booksmith pointed his finger at a gay-colored little bird that sat on a limb at no great distance. "Fetch him down, will you?" he whispered, hurriedly. "I want that fellow."

Berjarvis, all excitement, blazed away.

Nothing came of it.

"Ah, you missed him!" sighed Booksmith. "A beautiful tanager as I ever saw—tanagra cyanocephala. He would have mounted beautifully."

"Now look at that!" cried Berjarvis. "Just look at it! It's no harm to shoot a pretty little bird when you want to stuff him with sawdust or some thing and set him on a wire! There's your consistency! I'm glad I didn't hit him. I'm ashamed for having shot at him. If I had hit him the bullet would have knocked him into raw hash! *There* goes a squirrel!"

Crack! went the pistol.

The sportsmen rushed forward. No squirrel to be seen.

"You don't seem to ever hit any thing!" said Booksmith, reproachfully.

"*There* goes another!" cried Berjarvis again. "The wood's full of 'em! See him?—running along on that fence log!"

It was running along, rather slowly for a squirrel, on a log which formed the basis of a rail fence in the wood.

Crack!

Another rush forward, and simultaneously Carlo set up a most agonizing "Ki-yi! ki-yi!" but the eager sportsmen had no ear for the dog, whatever his momentary distress. Booksmith struck a fallen tree and went over it sprawling.

"*Don't* I ever hit any thing?" cried Berjarvis, triumphantly, grabbing through the fence at the furry something he had "brought down." "*Don't* I? What do you say to—"

He stopped short, staring at his trophy.

"What's the matter?" asked Booksmith, coming up limping.

"Carlo! Carlo!" cried the dog's master, without replying to his friend, "come here, poor fellow! *Come* here!"

Carlo was a dolorously unhappy dog at that point in his history. He was suffering untold agonies. He had been running along behind that fence log, and his caudal appendage, looming up above the log, had been shot at as it ran. Now there was a bleeding stump where the beautiful tail had been; the tail itself was in Mr. Berjarvis's murderous hand.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Booksmith, "you *did* hit it!"

"Don't laugh, Booksmith," said Berjarvis, almost with tears in his eyes, as he patted his poor dog's head, though the pain was not at that end.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" moaned the laughter-consumed Booksmith, "how can I help it? It was such a perfect poem of a tail!"

"Hush up, will you?"

"And that pistol would knock a monkey's head off!"

"Booksmith, I'll tell you what it is, I've had enough of this," said Berjarvis, starting up angrily; "I'm going home."

This sobered the book-keeper instanter.

"Oh, pooh!" said he. "Don't get mad, Berjarvis. Don't go home. Where's my trophies?"

"Hang your trophies! You've got as many as I have. I say I'm going," and he suited the action to the word.

There was no help for it. The naturalist followed the disciple of Nimrod back to the farm-house.

"You're back quick," said the farmer. "Shute any thing? Why, 'lastin' wonder! where's your dog's tail?"

"Never mind the tail," said Berjarvis, bitterly. "Fetch up the horse."

"Why, you ain't goin' off 'thout y'r dinner, be ye? It's a-cookin' now. Don't ye smell it?"

A delicious savor of roast fowl from the kitchen did indeed salute the olfactories of the sportsmen, and even in his distress Berjarvis wavered visibly.

"Tell ye what, friends," said the farmer, assuming the office now of guide, consolator, and friend, "you better set by and have a good dinner, and give y'r dog a bite of somethin' too to soothe him. An' I hain't foddered y'r hoss yit either. An' I've got some fust-rate salve I'll put on the dog's accident, an' he'll git over achin' arter a little. An' then, arter dinner, ef you say so, we'll all go over the hill yender to one of the sassiest trout-creeks in these parts. Shutin's nothin' this time o' year, I cal'late, but fishin's tip-top."

"Trout!" ejaculated Berjarvis, beaming delightedly on Booksmith.

"Splendid!" cried the book-keeper.

So they went into the house and rested their heated frames in a deliciously cool little "front-room" while dinner was made ready. Carlo was cared for with gentle art, and when the trio sallied out after dinner the dog trotted contentedly, albeit soberly, behind them. The farm-house contained plenty of the requisite tackle, it being, in fact, a frequent resort of anglers from the neighboring village; and though our friends were but indifferent wielders of the rod they succeeded very much to their own satisfaction. With the farmer's aid they took back a fine string of brook-trout on their return homeward at night.

I do not know how Mr. Berjarvis accounted to Mrs. B. for the loss of Carlo's tail, but I sincerely trust he told her the truth, like a brave man.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Real Enthusiasm.—Pumps is such a thorough teetotaller that he declares he would rather prefer a watery grave than be preserved in spirits.

A Covert Meaning.—What is the difference between a hunt and a hot breakfast?—In the latter case you come to the cover before the meat, in the former to the meet before the cover.

A bachelor, up Penn Street, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, picked up a thimble. He stood a while, meditating on the probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips, saying: "Oh, that it were the fair cheek of the wearer!" Just as he had finished, a fat colored lady looked out of an upper-story window, and said: "Boss, jist please to frow dat fimble of mine in de entry; I jist now drapt it."

When is a sailor most like a thief?—When he takes a messmate's watch.

A minister having preached the same discourse to his people three times, one of his constant hearers said to him after service: "Doctor, the sermon you gave us this morning having had three several readings, I move that it now be passed."

Military Definition for a Kiss—Report at headquarters.

An Irishman being in church where the collection apparatus resembled election boxes, on its being handed to him, whispered in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized and could not vote.

"William, my son, how came you to muddy your dress so?"

Willie stopped a moment, then looking his father in the eye, very soberly asked:

"Father, what am I made of?"

"Dust. The Bible says, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.'"

"Well, father, if I'm dust, how can I help being muddy when it rains on me?"

The first man that "struck ile"—Jonah.

A little keen, bright-eyed girl of four years, on a visit one evening, was being helped to the knee of a gentleman friend, and on being told by her mother that she was too large a baby to hold, retorted almost immediately, accompanying her words with an emphatic gesture, "Why, girls nineteen years old sit on laps, and you wouldn't call them *babies*, would you?"

"Your whiskers are unprofessional," said a client to his legal adviser. "Why so?" "Because a lawyer can never be too barefaced."

A "Johnny Bull" captured by a Fenian.

At a recent examination of children at Swansea, England, the question was asked, why the children of Israel made a golden calf and worshiped it after they had been forbidden such idolatry by Moses? A precocious little fellow sharply answered, "Because they had not enough gold to make a bull with." The laughter which followed put a stop to the examination for that day.

A New Invention.—The latest invention is a "palpitating bosom" for the ladies, which is set in motion by a concealed spring when an extra display of "emotion" is required.

An orator in appealing to the "bone and sinew," said: "My friends, I am proud to see around me the hardy yeomanry of the land, for I love the agricultural interests of the country; and well may I love them, fellow-citizens! for I was born a farmer; the happiest days of my youth were spent in the peaceful avocation of a son of the soil. In fact, to speak figuratively, I may say I was born between two rows of corn!" "A pumpkin, by thunder!" exclaimed an inebriated chap, just in front of the stage.

The Ruling Passion.—A great financial reformer is so devoted to figures that when he has nothing else to do he casts up his eyes.

A railway accident lately occurred, caused by the axle of a tender giving way, detaining the train several hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman passenger why it was so delayed; he gravely replied, "Madam, it was occasioned by what is often followed by serious consequences—the sudden breaking of a tender attachment."

When are soldiers like blacksmiths?—When they are drilling and filing.

A gentleman, talking to another on the subject of marriage, made the following observation: "I first saw my wife in a storm; carried her to a ball in a storm; courted her in a storm; married her in a storm; lived in a storm all her life; but, thank Heaven, I buried her in pleasant weather."

Why is the James River like a keg of lager beer?—Because it flows into the Dutch Gap.

"Are them all Bibles?" asked a countryman the other day in the registrar's office, pointing to the big volumes of wills upon the shelves. "No, Sir," answered one of the clerks, "those are *testaments*."

Scarcity of Wives.—It is said that in New South Wales an old maid is a much rarer animal than a black swan. It is asserted that the fair emigrants from England receive offers of marriage through speaking-trumpets before they land from the ship; and if one accepts the proposal she signifies it by holding up the finger on which she expects the wedding-ring to be placed.

At what time should an innkeeper visit an iron foundry?—when he wants a *bar-maid*.

A clergyman, being deposed from his ministry for holding certain heretical opinions, said "*it should cost a hundred men their lives.*" This alarming speech being reported, he was taken before a magistrate and examined, when he explained himself by saying his meaning was, that "*he intended to practice physic.*"

Prentice says girls will differ. One of them lately broke her neck in trying to escape being kissed, and a great many of them are ready to break their necks to get kissed.

"William," said a teacher to one of his pupils, "can you tell me what makes the sun rise in the east?" "Don't know, Sir," replied William, "'cept it be that the 'east makes every thing rise."

A land speculator, in describing a lake on an estate in Cumberland, says it is so clear and so deep that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

A HOUSEKEEPER'S MAXIMS.

Never say dye until you have had your silk turned twice.

Good wine needs no bush, but home-made Champagne does need the gooseberry-bush.

Don't count your chickens before they're hatched; and avoid as much as possible having them in your breakfast eggs.

Half a loaf is better than no bread, and half a stale loaf will go further than new bread.

The Centre of Attraction—Stephens.

Why is a doll like jelly?—Because it is made with eyes in glass.

A man who was boasting that there never was any rope or cord, whether made of hemp, wire, or any thing else, in which he could not tie a double bow knot, was summarily put down by being requested to tie a knot in a *cord* of wood.

A Michigander, who was arrested for stealing a goose, said he found the bird hissing at the American flag, and arrested it for treason.

"Pat, can ye tell me why winter is like a dog?" "Faith, Mick, I can't." "Well, thin, it's bekase of the coldness of *its-nose* (its snows)."

When is a blow from a lady welcome?—When she strikes you agreeably.

HENRY A. SMYTHE, ESQ.

HENRY A. SMYTHE, Esq., who has recently been appointed by the President as Collector of the port of New York, was born in Hobart, Delaware County, in this State, in 1817, and is now in the fiftieth year of his age. His father, one of the earliest settlers in that section of the country, was a popular and able lawyer, and his maternal grandfather was the Hon. ANTHONY MARVINE, also a distinguished lawyer, and who for some time represented the Delaware district in Congress.

At an early age Mr. SMYTHE, after receiving a good academic education, came to this city, commencing his business life as clerk in one of our large jobbing and importing houses. This house having been burned out in 1839, Mr. SMYTHE became connected with a large importing house, in which he subsequently became a partner. After remaining here about six years he joined the domestic commission house of F. SKINNER & Co., of Boston, to whom, soon after, he suggested the propriety of opening a branch house in this city. The success of this enterprise was so striking that many of the merchants of Boston formed similar connections with New York. He remained in this firm until 1857, when he established the large and extensive house of SMYTHE, SPRAGUE, & COOPER. Mr. SMYTHE, in this new position, as heretofore, was the managing man of the firm, the business of which was most profitably and successfully carried on, even through all the great commercial excitement and revulsions of the period from 1857 to 1864. During the latter year he retired from the partnership, and was immediately elected President of the Central National Bank—an institution which was brought into existence mainly through his efforts, and he still remains at its head. The ability with which he engineered the affairs of the bank is the strongest evidence that could be given of Mr. SMYTHE's business tact and energy of character, as well as his executive ability, which constitute the very qualifications requisite for the Collector of the port of New York.

Honorable in his own actions and dealings, it is expected that Mr. SMYTHE will exact the same standard from his subordinates in the Custom-house. Socially, he is of a genial and benevolent disposition. Fortunately he is not known as a politician. His political bearings are rather conservative, and he is understood to be a supporter of President JOHNSON. This, however, has not prevented his receiving the support of all parties in his claim to the position to which the President has appointed him. It is but rarely that our Collectors have ever been chosen from among merchants, but those few who have been thus chosen were, without doubt, the most popular and efficient ones we have had. Certainly there is room for reformation in the New York Custom-house; and the man best calculated to bring this about is not a politician, but one such as we believe Mr. SMYTHE to be—a man eminent for business tact and rigid integrity.

HENRY A. SMYTHE, Esq.

THE NEGRO CELEBRATION IN WASHINGTON.

THE occasion of the celebration, which took place April 19, was the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

Two regiments of colored troops and various colored civic associations, with many other colored citizens, assembled in front of the Executive Mansion, making a dense mass of colored faces, relieved here and there by a few white ones. After the firing of cannon and the playing of several martial airs three cheers were given for the President of the United States, who, having been escorted to a prominent position, addressed the assemblage.

The President, after thanking his colored friends for the compliment they were paying him in presenting themselves before him on the day of their celebration, reminded them that their truest friends were not those who had selected them "as a hobby and a pretense by which they could be successful in obtaining and maintaining power." He claimed to have himself contributed more than any other man in procuring the Constitutional ratification of their emancipation. He had done this not to gain power, but to establish freedom—a cause for which he had periled his all. He concluded as follows:

"Then let me mingle with you in celebration of the day which commenced your freedom. I do it in sincerity and truth, and trust in God the blessings which have been conferred may be enjoyed and appreciated by you, and that you may give them a proper direction. There is something for all to do. You have high and solemn duties to perform, and you ought to remember that freedom is not a new idea. It must be reduced to practical reality. Men in being free must deny themselves many things which seem to be embraced in the idea of universal freedom. It is with you to give evidence to the world and the people of the United States whether you are going to appreciate this great boon as it should be, and that you are worthy of being freemen. Then let me thank you with sincerity for the compliment you have paid me by passing through here to-day, and paying your respects to me. I repeat again, the time will come when you will know who have been your best friends, and who have been your friends from mercenary considerations. Accept my thanks."

Very many of the audience approached and shook hands with the President.

The procession then re-formed and took up the line of march along Pennsylvania Avenue. In passing the Capitol cheer after cheer rent the air in compliment to their legislative friends. There were probably 4000 or 5000 colored men in the procession, while 10,000 of the same race were interested spectators, manifesting their joy and gladness by waving their hats and handkerchiefs and cheering lustily the passing procession. The celebration was closed with religious services and the delivery of addresses in Franklin Square in the presence of a vast multitude. The stand on the south side of the Square was calculated to seat a large number of persons, and was handsomely decorated, a large national flag being displayed on either side, and one hanging in festoons at the front corners, with one in front on which was a message of President LINCOLN as follows:

"Fellow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives: The act entitled 'An act for the release of certain persons held to service in the District of Columbia' has this day been approved and signed. A. LINCOLN.
"*April 16, 1862.*"

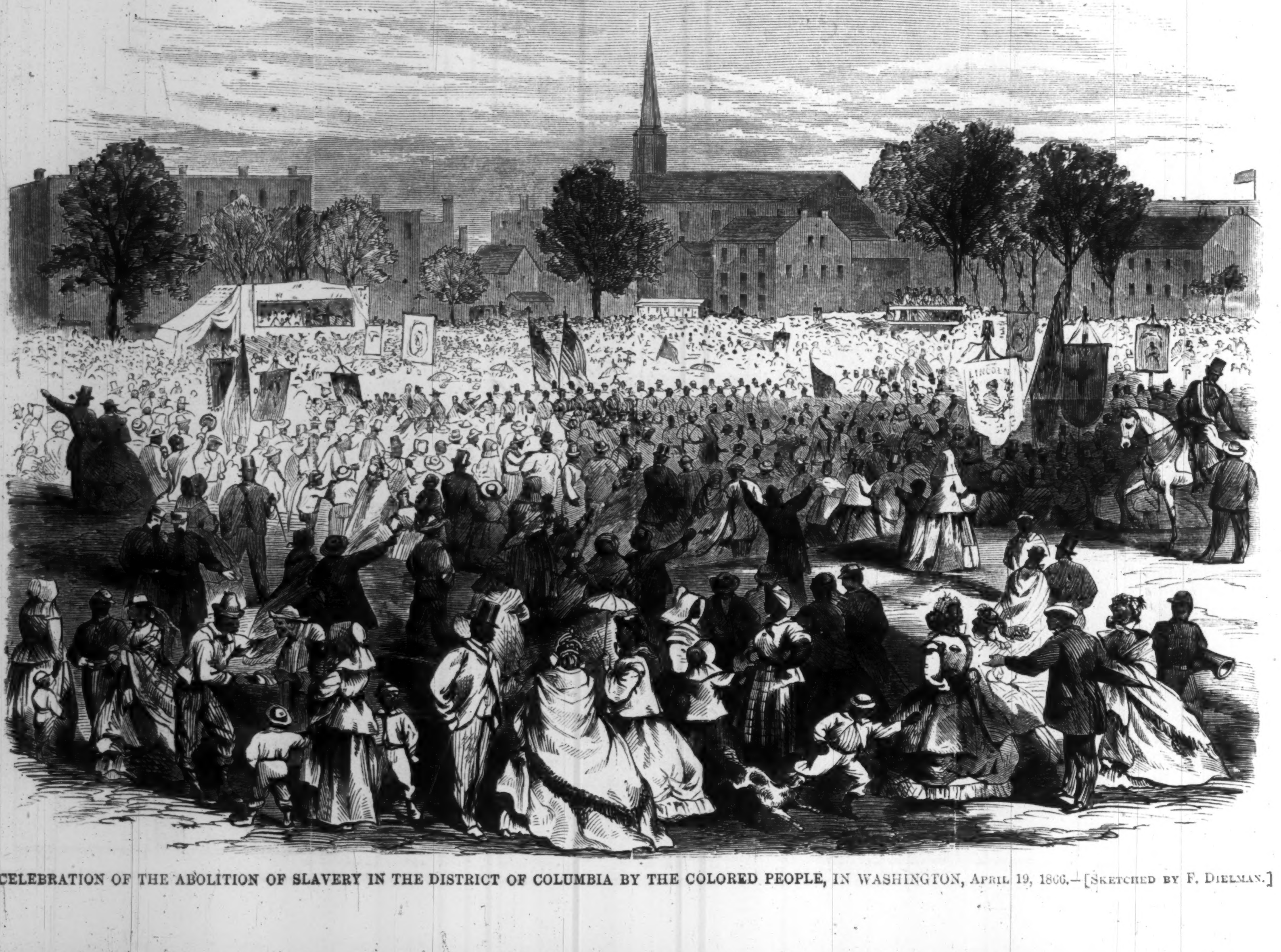
Over the top of this stand was the inscription:

"LINCOLN, the Liberator of millions; his great work is done, and he sleeps in peace in the great prairies of the West. We are loyal to God and to our country. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

Also:

"We have received our civil rights. Give us the right of suffrage, and the work is done."

The audience were then addressed by the Rev. HIGHLAND GARNETT (colored), Senator TRUMBULL, and the Hon. HENRY WILSON.



CELEBRATION OF THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA BY THE COLORED PEOPLE, IN WASHINGTON, APRIL 19, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY F. DIELMAN.]

GEORGIA
CONSTITUTION.

MAP OF.
GEORGIA
SCALE OF MILES
10 20 30 40 50 60
LONGITUDE WEST 82 FROM GREENWICH
LONGITUDE WEST 7 FROM WASHINGTON
TENNESSEE
N CAROLINA
SOUTH CAROLINA
ALABAMA
FLORIDA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
SAVANNAH RIV.
AUGUSTA
SAVANNAH
ATLANTA
MACON
COLUMBUS
MILLEDGEVILLE
ROME
ALBANY
THOMASVILLE
BRUNSWICK
DARIEN
FERNANDINA
TALLAHASSEE
OKEFENOKE SWAMP
CHATTANOOGA
DADE
WALKER
CATOOSA
WHITFIELD
MURRAY
FANNIN
UNION
TOWNS
RABUN
GILMER
LUMPKIN
HABERSHAM
CHATTOOGA
GORDON
PICKENS
DAWSON
FRANKLIN
HALL
BANKS
CASS
CHEROKEE
FORSYTH
FLOYD
MADISON
ELBERT
JACKSON
POLK
PAULDING
COBB
GWINNETT
CLARKE
OGLETHORPE
LINCOLN
HARALSON
WALTON
WILKES
CAMPBELL
MORGAN
GREENE
TALIAFERRO
COLUMBIA
CARROLL
CLAYTON
NEWTON
HENRY
WARREN
RICHMOND
HEARD
COWETA
FAYETTE
PUTNAM
HANCOCK
GLASCOCK
SPALDING
BUTTS
JASPER
TROUP
MERIWETHER
PIKE
MONROE
JONES
BALDWIN
WASHINGTON
JEFFERSON
BURKE
UPSON
HARRIS
TALBOT
CRAWFORD
BIBB
TWIGGS
WILKINSON
MUSCOGEE
MARION
TAYLOR
HOUSTON
LAURENS
EMANUEL
SCRIVEN
EFFINGHAM
BULLOCH
CHATTAHOOCHEE
STEWART
WEBSTER
SCHLEY
MACON
DOOLY
PULASKI
MONTGOMERY
TATTNALL
BRYAN
CHATHAM
QUITMAN
SUMTER
WILCOX
TELFAIR
LIBERTY
RANDOLPH
TERRELL
LEE
WORTH
IRWIN
COFFEE
APPLING
MCINTOSH
CALHOUN
DOUGHERTY
EARLY
MILLER
BAKER
MITCHELL
COLQUITT
BERRIEN
WARE
PIERCE
WAYNE
GLYNN
CAMDEN
CHARLTON
DECATUR
THOMAS
BROOKS
LOWNDES
ECHOLS
CLINCH

GEORGIA.

Georgia lies between 30° 23′ and 35° north latitude, and extends from 81° 50′ to 85° 45′ west longitude from Greenwich. Mean annual temperature varies from 61° to 70° Fahr. Area 58,000 square miles, of which, in 1860, 8,062,758 acres were in improved farms, and 18,587,732 acres unimproved farms, valued together at $157,072,803; and the value of farming implements and machinery was $6,844,387.

The population of the State in 1860 was 1,057,286, of which 591,588 were white, 3500 free colored, and 462,198 were slaves. The following table shows the white, free colored, slave, and aggregate population of each county, and also the number of bales of cotton of 400 pounds each produced:

Counties.	Whites.	Free Colored.	Slaves. Black.	Slaves. Mulatto.	Aggregate.	Cotton Bales of 400 lbs. each.
Appling	3,442	3	677	68	4,190	517
Baker	1,493	..	3,432	66	4,985	8,713
Baldwin	4,057	92	4,613	316	9,078	6,811
Banks	3,610	11	960	126	4,707	603
Berrien	3,041	2	400	[illegible]	3,475	563
Bibb	9,460	41	5,845	945	16,291	6,122
Brooke	3,072	[illegible]	3,074	208	6,356	4,406
Bryan	1,636	..	2,317	62	4,015	402
Bullock	3,506	..	2,090	72	5,668	1,378
Burke	5,013	100	11,588	464	17,165	23,419
Butts	3,373	15	3,035	32	6,455	5,434
Calhoun	2,174	8	2,566	165	4,913	5,747
Camden	1,276	1	3,887	256	5,420	630
Campbell	6,289	8	1,850	154	8,301	4,439
Carroll	10,116	13	1,631	231	11,991	3,983
Cass	11,433	9	3,811	471	15,724	4,407
Catoosa	4,368	4	583	127	5,082	2
Chattah'che	3,034	5	2,433	325	5,797	7,206
Charlton	1,223	..	531	26	1,780	125
Chatooga	5,107	4	1,908	146	7,165	2,152
Chatham	15,511	725	13,429	1,378	31,043	933
Cherokee	10,047	45	1,023	176	11,291	978
Clark	5,539	19	4,875	785	11,218	3,837
Clay	2,626	14	2,035	218	4,893	5,292
Clayton	3,240	..	1,141	85	4,466	2,136
Clinch	2,609	5	408	41	3,063	216
Cobb	10,410	13	3,386	433	14,242	3,315
Colquitt	1,195	11	78	32	1,316	282
Columbus	3,511	56	7,347	946	11,860	9,525
Coffee	2,206	10	645	18	2,879	469
Coweta	7,433	92	6,641	607	14,703	14,930
Crawford	3,407	16	4,008	262	7,693	9,722
Dade	2,765	4	199	101	3,069	..
Dawson	3,526	4	284	42	3,856	32
Decatur	5,985	13	5,624	300	11,922	7,996
De Kalb	5,798	8	1,769	231	7,806	1,560
Dooly	4,845	2	3,858	212	8,917	9,977
Dougherty	2,207	9	5,910	169	8,295	19,580
Early	2,092	..	3,395	62	6,149	9,116
Echolls	1,177	..	314	..	1,491	200
Effingham	2,572	18	2,064	101	4,755	517
Elbert	4,697	25	5,338	373	10,433	5,470
Emanuel	3,748	39	1,132	162	5,081	127
Fannin	4,995	1	123	20	5,139	
Fayette	5,022	6	1,852	167	7,047	4,655
Floyd	9,269	13	5,228	685	15,195	7,864
Forsyth	6,851	8	797	93	7,749	656
Franklin	6,038	42	1,098	215	7,393	793
Fulton	11,441	31	2,609	346	14,427	494
Gilmer	6,554	3	123	44	6,724	132
Glasscock	1,654	25	667	91	2,437	1,609
Glynn	1,048	2	2,710	129	3,889	688
Gordon	8,001	39	1,853	253	10,146	432
Greene	4,229	25	7,868	530	12,652	8,643
Gwinnett	10,358	31	2,156	395	12,940	2,446
Habersham	5,136	43	576	211	5,966	78
Hall	8,091	14	1,079	182	9,366	483
Hancock	3,871	36	7,925	212	12,044	13,332
Haralson	2,810	..	206	23	3,039	609
Hart	4,608	6	1,461	67	6,137	1,483
Harris	5,979	21	7,470	266	13,736	14,906
Heard	4,979	15	2,621	190	7,805	6,492
Henry	6,175	12	4,100	415	10,702	9,237
Houston	4,828	28	10,241	514	15,611	28,852
Irwin	1,453	..	196	50	1,699	322
Jackson	7,249	27	3,070	259	10,605	1,594
Jasper	3,771	18	6,562	392	10,743	[illegible]
Jefferson	4,133	41	5,870	175	10,219	10,420
Johnson	2,063	7	773	76	2,919	1,706
Jones	3,084	34	5,764	225	9,107	9,560
Laurens	3,723	6	3,139	130	6,998	6,934
Lee	2,242	7	4,644	303	7,196	14,445
Liberty	2,284	..	6,030	53	8,367	2,405
Lincoln	1,675	23	3,426	342	5,466	3,504
Lowndes	2,850	..	2,283	116	5,249	2,363
Lumpkin	4,156	38	368	64	4,626	104
Macon	3,575	9	4,489	376	8,449	10,248
Madison	3,924	17	1,807	185	5,933	1,901
Marion	3,854	7	3,271	258	7,390	9,075
M'Intosh	1,429	54	3,911	152	5,546	752
Meriwether	6,578	4	8,089	659	15,330	18,159
Miller	1,151	..	545	95	1,791	922
Milton	3,984	1	556	61	4,602	925
Mitchell	2,716	3	1,498	91	4,308	3,533
Monroe	5,753	23	8,731	1,446	15,953	17,165
Montgom'ry	2,014	6	910	67	2,997	313
Morgan	2,984	7	6,631	375	9,997	8,697
Murray	5,639	2	1,333	109	7,083	692
Muscogee	8,966	173	6,139	1,306	16,584	6,925
Newton	7,822	40	5,993	465	14,320	7,983
Oglethorpe	4,014	21	7,266	248	11,549	8,762
Paulding	6,460	6	497	75	7,038	2,349
Pickens	4,705	..	218	28	4,951	10
Pierce	1,749	..	221	12	1,973	226
Pike	5,332	24	3,999	723	10,078	8,116
Polk	3,853	2	2,156	284	6,295	6,042
Pulaski	4,607	31	3,925	181	8,744	8,284
Putnam	2,956	31	6,299	839	10,125	11,319
Quitman	1,870	4	1,520	105	3,499	4,556
Rabun	3,061	4	174	32	3,271	..
Randolph	5,103	1	4,009	458	9,571	11,276
Richmond	12,405	490	6,889	1,500	21,284	2,455
Schley	2,274	11	2,131	217	4,633	5,291
Scriven	3,742	2	4,400	130	8,274	5,251
Spaulding	4,826	54	3,367	452	8,699	4,595
Stewart	5,534	4	7,203	681	13,422	25,902
Sumter	4,536	2	4,608	282	9,428	14,423
Talbot	4,994	19	7,709	894	13,616	15,366
Taliaferro	1,693	41	2,751	98	4,583	3,203
Tatnall	3,191	4	1,092	65	4,352	628
Taylor	3,601	..	2,188	209	5,998	5,362
Telfair	1,877	..	773	63	2,713	835
Terrell	3,343	1	2,709	179	6,232	6,654
Thomas	4,488	34	5,650	594	10,766	6,582
Towns	2,346	5	94	14	2,459	..
Troup	6,223	37	9,269	733	16,262	17,978
Twiggs	2,930	72	5,076	242	8,320	13,431
Union	4,295	2	112	4	4,413	52
Upson	5,015	7	4,165	723	9,910	9,069
Walker	8,517	30	1,369	166	10,082	787
Walton	6,447	6	4,307	314	11,074	5,551
Warren	4,347	94	4,880	499	9,820	8,528
Ware	1,818	5	320	57	2,200	137
Washington	6,143	23	6,287	245	12,698	12,421
Wayne	1,617	30	558	63	2,268	169
Webster	2,741	2	1,885	402	5,030	846
White	3,041	11	242	21	3,315	100
Whitfield	8,314	1	1,528	204	10,047	102
Wilcox	1,692	2	385	36	2,115	791
Wilkes	3,434	33	7,478	475	11,420	8,526
Wilkinson	5,472	17	3,538	349	9,376	10,804
Worth	2,118	13	526	106	2,763	1,657
Total	591,588	3500	425,298	36,900	1,057,286	701,840

Surface.—Along the sea-coast, which extends over 100 miles, there is a series of islands, intersected by creeks and inlets, connecting with each other, and forming an inland navigation for small vessels. These *sea islands* have a gray, rich soil, and the land inland for a distance of 5 to 10 miles is of the same quality, producing sea-island cotton and rice. Landward of this commence the pine barrens, extending some 80 to 100 miles from the coast. Here is produced the famous *Georgia pine.* Thence a sandy region to the lower falls of the rivers. The portion above the falls has a strong and fertile soil of a red color, mixed with a black loam. The surface of the northern portion of the State rises by a series of ridges until it attains an elevation varying from 1500 to 4000 feet, forming the southwest terminations of the Alleghany range of mountains, and abounds in highly picturesque scenery. From this ridge the slope of the surface is in a southern direction. About one-half of the drainage enters the Atlantic, and the other portion the Gulf of Mexico. The higher and northern portion of the State is exceedingly rich, and best adapted to grain; the middle and southern to cotton and rice. The principal rivers are the Savannah, navigable for ships to Savannah, and for steamboats to Augusta; Altamaha, with its continuation, the Ocmulgee, navigable to Macon; and the Oconee, to Milledgeville; the Chattahoochee River, on the west border of the State, is navigable to Columbus.

The great staples of Georgia are cotton, rice, and Indian corn. In 1860 there were produced 701,840 bales of ginned cotton of 400 pounds each. The grain crops of the same period consisted of: wheat, 2,544,913 bushels produced; rye, 115,532; Indian corn, 30,776,293; oats, 1,231,817; barley, 14,682; buckwheat, 2023; rice, 52,507,652 pounds; and there were produced of pease and beans, 1,765,214 bushels; Irish potatoes, 303,789; sweet-potatoes, 6,508,541; tobacco, 919,318 pounds; wool, 946,227; and there were made at the same period 176,648 gallons of wine; butter, 5,439,765 pounds; cheese, 15,587; sugar, 1167 hogsheads of 1000 pounds each; 546,749 gallons of molasses; and 103,490 of sorghum molasses; beeswax, 61,505 pounds; honey, 953,915. Value of home-made manufactures, $1,431,413. The live-stock in 1860 consisted of 130,171 horses; 101,069 asses and mules; 299,688 milch cows; 74,487 working oxen; and other cattle, 631,707; sheep, 512,618; swine, 2,036,116; valued, in the aggregate, at $38,372,734. Value of animals slaughtered, $10,908,204. The mineral wealth of this State is very great, but at present almost entirely undeveloped except in gold, which, in a limited section, is extensively mined, and the coal-field covers a large space, but has only been mined to a small extent.

Manufactures, etc.—Considerable attention has been given to the manufacture of cotton and wool, more especially to cotton. The number of all the establishments of industry within the State in 1860 were 1890, with a capital invested in real and personal estate of $10,890,275. The value of raw material consumed was valued at $9,986,532; hands employed, 9492 males and 2083 females, producing articles valued at $16,925,564. Georgia has an extensive system of internal improvements. The railroads, in 1860, had an aggregate length within the State of 1404 miles, the cost of construction of which amounted to $29,057,742; and there were 28 miles of canal navigation.

Common Schools.—The whole number of children taught in 1859 was 79,922; number of school-houses, 1775.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"The ingredients of health and long life are
Great temperance, open air,
Easy labor, little care."

So says the poet, with not a little truthfulness.

There is an old proverb, theoretically believed by all, that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Yet practically, there are very few persons, even among the well-informed and educated masses, who apparently regard bodily health as one of the most desirable objects in life. If pain comes they will do all they can to drive it away. But when no actual malady is upon them, and only systematic, precautionary measures are needful, we find there are many other things practically preferred to good health. Indeed it is surprising how many habitually sacrifice health for some other object infinitely less worth possessing. Equally surprising is it to see how many by the most glaring carelessness, and we may say laziness, recklessly throw away the best boon of life.

Insufficient or excessive exercise, unhealthful or excessive food, impure air, and defective ventilation are fruitful causes of disease. And yet multitudes who have both the knowledge and power to avoid these exciting causes will not take the trouble to do it.

There are many, nowadays, who by immoderate brain work—or sometimes by immoderate bodily work—so fatigue and enfeeble the constitution that it is systematically prepared to become a prey to any prevailing malady. Exigencies do arise when unusual labor must be performed. But when mental and bodily exhaustion are the *constant* results of ordinary duties, nature is thus warning us that she can not long endure the strain.

The old monkish days, when to mortify and neglect the body was considered as indicative of intellectual and spiritual superiority, have passed away. And now careful regard to rest, recreation, nutritious food, and cleanliness, are deemed essential to a vigorous mind as well as body.

Even when epidemics are prevalent, if the rules of health are strictly observed, and a hopeful, buoyant spirit, with a cheerful trust in Providence, is maintained, there is comparatively little danger.

It is generally supposed that a large proportion of sudden deaths arise from diseases of the heart. The following facts may throw some light upon the subject. An experiment to ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths has recently been made in Europe, and reported to a scientific congress at Strasburg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough *post-mortem* examination; in these cases only two were found who had died from disease of the heart. Nine out of the sixty-six had died from apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs—that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close, heated room into the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressing news operating on the blood. These causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of heart complaint.

One hundred years ago, in 1766, Philip Embury, the founder of the Methodist Church in America, gathered in his own house in New York a congregation of five persons; which congregation, now grown to be numbered by hundreds of thousands, is scattered over the whole country. Not long since a fitting tribute was paid to the memory of Philip Embury. His remains, which have long mouldered in obscurity, were transferred, by order of the Troy Methodist Episcopal Church, to the new Woodland Cemetery. The exercises, in connection with the ceremony, were appropriate and interesting, and the attendance large, both of clergymen and laymen.

The most reliable authorities announce that it is whispered in the polite circles in Paris "that the next style will be to pile all the hair on the top of the head, because the 'part is widening' on the head of the Empress Eugénie. Of course her Majesty is not growing bald; that would be too horrid; but her line of separation on the front hair is becoming too conspicuous for beauty; and we presume the young ladies will immediately pull out their own profuse locks to ape the imperial 'part.' Bunches of curls and large rolls of hair are to become concealors of the '*widening.*'"

Conscience sometimes awakes to torture the most hardened, reckless criminal. Probst, the murderer of the Dearing family, wants to die. He says that at most half an hour at a time is as long as he has slept since his arrest. He sees the murdered baby before him day and night, and there are muffled sounds in his ears, uttered by the children while the massacre was in progress, that he can not exclude. He is ironed to the floor; and at night, that he may not commit suicide, his arms are so fastened behind him that he can not use them. He is constantly watched, and unless he break a piece of glass from the loophole in his cell, can obtain no means of terminating his life. He said to Chief Franklin, at the last interview with that official, that every minute he lived was unutterable agony. The baby is the Nemesis that haunts him, and yet he stoutly avers that when the butchery was planned his accomplice pledged himself that this one of the children at least should be spared.

It is estimated that the various Ice Companies in this immediate vicinity have on hand, and ready for sale, not less than 1,000,000 tons of ice; and quite likely 1,500,000 tons would be nearer the mark. Consequently we ought to have an abundance of ice furnished to us this season, and at a reasonable rate.

In Paris the use of ice is universal in the summer months. The quantity consumed there is said to amount to twelve or fifteen thousand tons a year. If this statement is correct, the natural inference must be that the citizens of New York are much more extravagant in the use of ice than the Parisians, or that they do not understand how to make it keep. Of course a good refrigerator affords one of the best methods of preserving ice. If, in addition, it is tightly rolled in flannel, or some other woolen material, it will be a saving of money as well as of annoyance. For it is not pleasant to be informed at the close of a hot day that "the ice is all gone"—however *coolly* the information may be given.

Besides the sale of rough and pure ice in Paris there is a large trade done in what are called *carafes frappés*—that is to say, water decanters or bottles, in which nearly the whole contents are frozen by rapid revolution in a freezing mixture. These *carafes* are supplied to the cafés and also to private families each morning, and being constantly kept filled up with water serve throughout the whole day under ordinary temperatures. Another application of these *carafes* is to fill them up with Champagne or other wine, and thus to obtain cool and diluted drinks for evening parties in hot weather.

At this season, which is so admirably adapted to equestrian exercises, the following suggestions inregard to the position of a lady on horseback may not be inopportune:

"She should sit so closely, and when rising to the trot possess such elastic motion from the foot to the knee and the waist, that her return to the saddle should seem as light as a feather. She should so sit 'square to the front,' and her horse's ears—to speak as a soldier—ought to dress well with the buttons of the bosom of her habit. Nothing is so bad as to sit with a lean to one side, and when admirers are following after, to let them fear that a very little would cast her off from the stirrup side of her saddle. Her hands should be down, but light, and her arm, as well as every inclination of her figure, should harmonize with the motions of her steed, as if both possessed the same volition."

The London *Morning Post* declares that the female head has become a sort of museum for gold bands, cameos, butterflies, and pendulous wreaths which hang under the chin. On the forehead of the fair one may be seen a number of small curls with a comic twist, while the back of the head displays an enormous lump of hair, which, instead of being kept together by the cabbage-net of three or four months ago, is now allowed to assume a more wild and picturesque aspect. On the crown of the head, and between the two distinct compartments of the hairdresser's built-up creations, a small dab of a something which is called a bonnet makes the fantastic "get-up" exquisitely eccentric.

The following important suggestions are made to those ladies "*whom it may concern:*" When a lady would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just before entering the room, say *Besom*, and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect upon the company is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should say *Brush*, the result of which is infallible. If she would make her mouth look small and pretty, she must say *Flip*, but if the mouth be already too small, and need enlarging, she must say *Cabbage*. If she wishes to look mournful, she must say *Kerchunk*. If resigned, she must forcibly ejaculate *S'cat*. Ladies when having their photographs taken may observe these rules with some advantage.

The Queen gives to its readers a new recipe, which we quote for the benefit of those of our fair readers who are fond of trying experiments, premising that we have *not* tried ourselves:

"Candied Violets.—These form a pretty and novel dessert dish, and are not difficult to prepare. The green stalks must be removed from some double violets. Boil some sugar until, on taking some out in a skimmer and blowing through it, small sparks of the sugar will fly from it. Into this put the violets, and keep them in until the sugar again boils to the same point. Rub the sugar against the sides until it is white. Stir all together until the sugar leaves the violets, after which sift and dry them."

A recent English novel puts the following sentiment into the mouth of one of its prominent characters. There is a good deal of truth in it.

"The love is there, my dear, all the same, and perhaps a little more of it too; but you keep it corked up, and May doesn't. And if you won't be offended with me for telling you, love is a thing that doesn't improve with being corked up. It isn't like port-wine or ginger-pop, nothing unless you *do* keep it well fastened. Love isn't at all a thing of that kind; on the contrary, it's good for nothing unless you bring it out and use it."

In the village of Blackburn, England, there has been brought to light a case of cruelty so singular in its circumstances that if related even in a novel of the "bowl and dagger" type it would have appeared outrageously improbable. For the last five or seven years there has been in that village a man imprisoned in a closed bed, who in all that time has never been allowed to leave his cell—if one can fairly call a space measuring six feet by four a cell. It appears there live in the village three unmarried brothers, who keep a public house and general store. These bachelors had framed among themselves a code of laws, and provided that, if any of the three broke these laws, the other two should sentence him to a term of imprisonment, varying according to the heinousness of the offense. In the exercise of this authority, it is said, they had some five or seven years ago condemned their brother to be imprisoned in their private jail, where he was discovered a day or two ago by the police, with memory partly gone, and in a state of disgusting filth.

A singular incident recently occurred at Neuchâtel, in Switzerland. At the death of a merchant in that city, on the credit side of his books the name of "God" was found to be inscribed for a considerable sum. No one knew of such a creditor, and, on investigation, evidence was obtained that deceased, who was a man of great piety, had opened an account to the Father of All, and entered to it each year a share of his profits. The clergy have claimed the sum on the ground that they represent God upon earth, while their demand is opposed by the authorities of the canton.

A wonderful prodigy is making some sensation in France, in the person of a mathematician, named Grandmange, who was born without arms or legs, and appears to have been gifted by nature with extraordinary powers of calculation, as if to indemnify him for the privation of his limbs. At the age of four years he was able to solve ordinary sums in his head, and succeeded in his determination to learn to read and write. He writes a clear running hand, which he traces readily with a pen held in his mouth directly by a fleshy appendix which Nature has placed on his right shoulder. He answers without written calculations the most difficult arithmetical problems applied to commercial, financial, and industrial operations. At Compiègne several members of the university put to him questions so complicated that to solve a single one would take an hour's work, and yet he gave the correct answer almost immediately. Formerly he was unable to understand the method by which he arrived at the results. As, however, he drew nearer to manhood—he is now aged thirty-two—he analyzed various mathematical facts which he connected together, and thus arrived at clear and systematical rules applicable to mental calculations. Fifteen medals have been awarded to him by learned societies.

The suggestion in the extract below is worth—a laugh:

A writer in the New York *Observer*, who has been studying Webster's new "Unabridged" Dictionary, expresses a regret that the lexicographer's definition of the word "boil" had not met the eyes of the new version people before they translated the Book of Job, as it would have been so beautiful to say instead of boils: "And Satan smote Job with 'circumscribed subcutaneous inflammations, characterized by pointed pustular tumors, and suppurating with central cores.'"

It is said that an investigating Frenchman has compiled statistics which show that but little over a quarter as many women are struck by lightning as men, and that when a man and a woman are walking together the man is invariably the sufferer. So much for the gallantry of the electric "spark!"

In a window of a shop in an obscure part of London is this announcement: "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject."

One of the best safeguards against Cholera, or any other disease, is to have the mouth free from all decaying matter (stumps of teeth); and there is no longer any excuse for keeping such in the mouth since Dr. Colton makes it a pleasure to have teeth extracted. Rooms, Nos. 19 and 30 Cooper Institute.

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